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NO MORE.

BY ETA.

It might not be! we ne'er again shall meet,
Our lives now lie asunder:—in the street
We may e'en pass each other swiftly by,
And dream not who hath been so lately nigh.
'Neath the same dome our pray'rs, perchance, may rise,
And, while the organ's tender symphonies
Shall carry back our thoughts to other days,
None shall give back, in love, our tear-dimm'd gaze;
And the sweet notes to our sore hearts shall seem
Remembrance tender of that long past dream!
The hast'ning throngs shall leave the sacred place,
And we, with them, our weary steps retrace
Back to the life we must begin again—
The weary life of care, and ceaseless train
Of the same thoughts, that leave us never will;
We must endure them with a brave heart, till
In the lone grave we sleep the long last sleep;
No sorrow e'er shall wake that peace, so deep.

OUT IN THE WORLD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MIDDLETON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE TEST," "A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD."

CHAPTER VII—(CONTINUED.)

EVA listened intently, her lovely face upturned. She was too innocent of the world and man, to know that this man was a finished actor, and that he was now acting all he knew. His voice, skilfully trained, thrilled with suppressed emotion, his face seemed rapt, his attitude and movements perfect in their accord with his sentiments. The slight mistrust, too slight to be worth calling so, with which Eva had at first regarded him, began to disappear, fade away.

"I hope Heriot Fayne will do his best for the people," he said.

"You—you think he will come back?" she asked.

"I hope so; I sincerely hope so," he replied gravely. "It is his." He inclined his head towards the land. "He would be in his right place here; while I—well, I should always feel like an interloper."

Eva gazed at him with the approval and respect of an innocent, unsuspecting schoolgirl.

"I think you are very unselfish," she said. "Lady Janet has told me what you intended to do. Yes, it is noble of you!"

The color rose to his face with satisfaction and triumph at the effect he had produced.

"Your approval is very grateful to me," he said, in a low voice. "But I must be honest, and not permit you to deceive yourself. You must remember that if I took his place, the poor fellow would have nothing; while I—I have a great deal. Perhaps I should be happier with my work and my ambition than with a large estate. But I am boring you with my egotism! And will you not catch cold? May I?" He took up a shawl from a chair beside her, and with that indefinable air of reverence which some men manage to convey by their touch, their very attitude, he placed it round her shoulders.

As he did so his hand brushed against some of the soft tendrils of her soft hair, and there shot through him the fierce pulsation of a strong man's passion. His face went white, and he caught his breath.

But Eva received the attention quite naturally, and did not see the sudden pallor or hear the almost inaudible sigh as he stood at her shoulder looking straight before him, with tightly-closed lips.

It was a moment or two before he could speak. Then he said—

"Mr. Winsdale has been kind enough to ask me to go and see him to-morrow."

"Oh, yes—please do," said Eva, promptly. "He will be so glad; he does not see many persons, and he leads a very quiet life. There are only he and I, you know," she went on; "and sometimes I am afraid that he must be dull. I am a very poor companion to him."

Stannard laughed softly, incredulously.

"Ah, but you see I know so little," she said quickly, meekly; "I am only just from school, while he—— You know what my father is."

"Indeed, yes," he said, with infinite respect. "It was a great loss to society when Mr. Winsdale retired from it. There are few men who have left so distinct a mark behind them. It is a delight to listen to him; and I can understand your pride in him."

This was the direct path to Eva's heart. The great eyes looked up at him gratefully.

"I will come to-morrow morning, if I may," he said. "I must return to London in the afternoon. I have to speak in the House at night. Perhaps, if you have time, you will show me the village, and some of your people?"

"I shall be very pleased," Eva said. "But 'my' people!"

And she smiled.

"In the truest sense of the world they are yours," he responded. "Lord Averleigh has been telling me how good you are to them."

"Lord Averleigh gives me credit for all his own kindness," she said. "I will show you the new cottages he has built, and something of what he has done for them."

"Thank you," he said, in a low voice, as if she had just promised him a kingdom.

The rest of the party came out as he spoke, and her father came up to her, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Discussing the mountains and the moon with Mr. Marshbank, Eva? Isn't it time for 'by-bye?' I heard that ancient insect, the village fly, crawling up the drive some time ago."

Lady Janet, with motherly anxiety, wrapped the white fur cloak round the girl's slim, graceful figure, and drew her towards her, and kissed her lovingly. The earl stood bare-headed on the steps to watch her safely into the fly; but it was Stannard who gave her his hand to enter, and he knew that it was burning, and was almost afraid lest her own cool, soft palm should shrink from the embrace of his hot fingers; but Eva was all unconscious. The fierce flame of love had not touched her yet.

"Come and see me soon, my dear!" Lady Janet's gentle voice called down to her; and, with a nod and a smile, Eva was driven away.

Her father leant back and crossed his hands over the edge of his opera hat.

"A very pleasant evening," he said. "What did you think of Mr. Marshbank?"

Eva laughed.

"As if it mattered what I thought!" she said. "And as if I did not know that you are dying to tell me what you think."

Francis Winsdale laughed. Her faint and gentle reflection of his cynical always amused him.

"A very clever young man—very, indeed," he said. "It isn't every young man who would decline such an offer of the earl's as Stannard Marshbank has done."

"Is that why you call him clever? Are you not a little unjust, father?"

He looked at her with a cynical smile of amusement.

"Perhaps. But that is not the only thing that proves his cleverness. He can talk—and talk very well. And he has actually succeeded in winning Miss Eva Winsdale for a champion."

Eva blushed.

"I am not his champion," she said; "but, well, was it not very unselfish of him to plead for that other man, Heriot Fayne, and determine to try and save him?"

Francis Winsdale looked out of the window with half-closed eyes.

"Hem!" he said. "Never mind, he is a most agreeable young man, and I shall be glad to see more of him. All the same I don't think he will succeed in reclaiming Heriot Fayne. What a world it is? I wonder whether you would mind very much if I smoked a tiny little cigarette, my dear Eva? It might be preferable to the odor of damp straw with which this remarkable vehicle is impregnated."

CHAPTER VIII.

FANCY box making is a pretty trade; but you cannot make a rapid fortune at it. Indeed, though you work from early morn to dewy eve, you can only just keep body and soul together—and not very close together at that.

One evening, in the gloaming, when the sunset that was casting a delicious light over the lanes of Averleigh Court—was touching even prosaic London with a fairy radiance, Grace Warner, the girl whom Heriot Fayne had met on the morning of the row at the Frivolity, sat at a table in a lofty attic, surrounded by the implements of her art. The showy paper, glittering tinsel, and highly colored lithographs, with which the table was strewn, were terribly incongruous with the bare boards, the scanty furniture of the room, and the splendor of the material seemed to mock at its poverty.

Only the girl's light golden hair appeared in harmony with the glittering things which her small hands manipulated so deftly, and perhaps the blue of her eyes.

She had been working since morning, with only a break for a cup of tea, and a slice of bread; and she was just thinking of repeating this sumptuous meal, and resting for a while before she lit the solitary candle. For one does not need much light to drink a cup of tea and eat a slice of bread and butter by—and candles are dear, when you earn only a shilling and a few coppers a day.

She made the tea, and, pushing a space clear on the table for her cup and plate, leant back and closed her eyes, which were aching with the glitter of the gold foil and pretty lithographs.

When one closes one's eyes—except for slumber—one must think, and Grace fell to thinking at once. And there was only one thing, one person to think of; the man who had found her homeless and friendless on the doorstep, and snatched her from the workhouse or Waterloo Bridge.

For Grace the wonder of the thing never paled. That any man should have thought it worth while not only to give her food and drink, but leave her his ring and wrist studs, would never cease to be a marvel to her as long as she lived.

Indeed, when she woke on the park seat, and found the precious things, she had had some difficulty in persuading herself that she was not still asleep and dreaming.

At first, as she looked at the gold ornaments, with eyes half blinded with tears, she felt that she would rather die than part with them. But life is precious, even to the homeless and friendless, and—and the sleeve links went to the pawnbroker's. But not the ring. The ring she still had wrapped in a piece of the tissue paper in her pocket, and as she leant back she took it out, and, laying it on the palm of her hand, gazed at it in a reverie that with all its sadness and longing was not all painful.

With the money borrowed on the sleeve-links she had been able to pay her rent and return to her attic, and wait until she found work.

But it was not only work that she sought as she tramped the streets; it was a tall, stalwart figure with a handsome face, and dark eyes which, for all their fierceness, had looked kindly and pityingly into hers. She longed to see her benefactor again, with a longing that was like a dull ache and pain.

If only she could see him and try and tell him all that he had been saving her from—just try and thank him!

The passers-by often stopped and looked after the girl as she walked along the street, looking from right to left, pausing now and again as she saw some figure that slightly resembled that of the unknown.

Persons of Grace Warner's class do not take in the morning papers, and have no opportunity of seeing them, so that it was not strange that she should not see the account of the tray at the Frivolity; and if she had she might not have identified her benefactor as Lord Heriot Fayne, "the Noble Coster."

She had no means of tracing him, and though she made her way to quite the poorer and lower parts of the town she did not find him and, indeed, could not inquire for him. Now and again, it did seem strange to her that a common man, a workman, a coster, should possess gold sleeve-links of such value—for the pawnbroker had lent a sum that startled her. But then everything about him and the way he had acted, were so strange and extraordinary.

She turned the ring over, and with a sigh wrapped it tenderly and lovingly in its tissue paper, and slowly, lingering, put it in her pocket.

Then she cleared away the teacup and plate, and, lighting the candle, prepared for work again.

As she took up the box which she was covering with silver paper, she heard a slow, peculiar step upon the stair, and there came a knock at the door.

"Is that you, Johnnie?" she said. "Come in!"

But she rose and opened the door, and taking the hand of the little boy, led him into the room.

He was an undersized child of twelve, with a pale face and dark hair, and a far-away, fixed look in his eyes, which puzzled folk, until they discovered that he was blind.

He had a violin under his arm, and guarded it with practiced skill and care as Grace led him to an upturned box, with which he was evidently familiar, for he seated himself on it at once.

The boy was a neighbor of hers, and lived with his grandmother in a room below Grace's. He played the violin in the streets, and his grandmother, when not drunk, went with him and collected the money.

"Are you at work, Grace?" he asked with the peculiar, patient softness in his voice which that of the blind acquire. It was inexpressably touching, and the girl never heard it without wanting to take him in her arms and comfort him. He was in the habit of groping his way into the room at odd hours, and it was therefore a mistake to call her friendless, for the boy simply worshipped her.

"Yes, Johnnie," she said, "I have to finish these. Look." And she nodded to the pile of boxes, though she knew he could not see; but she knew, also, that he liked to be treated as if he could.

"Quite a lot, ain't there?" he said, as

he had counted them. "Are you very tired?"

"I'm always tired," said Grace, but with a laugh. When will there be a Victoria Cross for the courage of poverty? There was a pause, during which Johnnie touched his violin strings softly; then he said, as if she and he were both thinking of the same thing, and knew it—

"You haven't found him yet, Grace?"

The color rose to her face, and she looked down, as if the boy's eyes could see her.

"No, Johnnie," she said, gently—"not yet. But I'm still hoping, though, some times, I lose heart."

"I wouldn't do that," he said; "you'll find him some day, Grace. You can see, you see, and he was unlike other people, wasn't he?"

"Yes, quite—oh, quite!" she said, almost proudly. "I wish you could have seen him, Johnnie, and heard him speak."

"Perhaps I could have found him, if I'd heard him," he said. "I go by voices, you know. Was it a nice voice?" he asked, as if he had not heard the answer a score of times.

"Yes," she replied, and she looked up dreamily, "it was a beautiful voice—so deep, and yet so—so gentle. And it seemed to make you feel as if you must do just what it said—and at once, and without questions. I can hear it now." And her voice dropped to a whisper.

"And you've been to the places where the costers are, and looked at all the men with barrows?"

"Yes," she said, with a sigh, "but it was all of no use."

He waited a moment; then he said—

"Perhaps he wasn't what he seemed. Poor men don't wear sleeve-links like those he gave you, Grace. How did he come by them?"

He heard the indignant catch in her breath, and hastened to add—

"Don't be angry, Grace. I won't say it. He was all right, I daresay. I'm sure he must have been, or he wouldn't have been so kind and good; and you'll find him some day, see if you don't."

She shook her head; her sudden anger subsided.

"Isn't it time for you to go, Johnnie?" she asked.

He sighed, and bent over the violin sadly.

"Grandmother's out on the spree," he said, patiently. "I'm sorry she's broken loose to night, for there's no money, and nothing in the house, and she'll be hungry when she comes back, and has her nap, and wakes up."

Grace rose quickly, and poured out a cup of tea and cut a slice of bread.

"There! But you shall, Johnnie! You wouldn't refuse me—me?"

"No," he said, patiently—"and I was hungry."

"No money left, and there'll be nothing for breakfast," she said, almost to herself. She stood and looked down at him thoughtfully, with womanly pity in her girlish eyes; then suddenly she took her hat and shawl off a hook, and began putting them on.

He knew what she was doing as well as if he saw her.

"Are you going out, Grace?"

"Yes," she said; "I'm going with you."

He turned his sightless eyes upon her with patient surprise.

"With me?" he said. "To take the money, do you mean? Oh, no!"

"But I am," said Grace. "Why should not I? Where's the harm?"

"No, no," he said; "it is not fit. I—I shouldn't like you to. It isn't as if you were grandmother."

"Why not?" she said, resolutely. "Anyhow, I'm going; so don't argue. Why, Johnnie, wouldn't you do the same for me?"

"I would do anything in the world for you, Grace," he said, "but that's different."

"Is it? I should like to know where the difference is! Will you have some more bread? There's plenty."

But he shook his head. He had not eaten that which she had given him.

"Very well, then; come on."

"I don't like you to," he said, in a low voice; but he suffered her to lead him out, and they went together down into the streets.

"Now, you must tell me where to go," said Grace, trying to hide her nervousness, for this publicity was a new experience to her.

Out of regard for her—he knew what she was feeling—he chose a quiet thoroughfare.

"It's Friday night—pay night—and the workpeople pass that way," he said, in a business-like way; "and it's the workpeople that give most."

They made their "stand" at the corner of a street leading to Leicester Square, and Johnnie began to play.

He played well; but he was a lad, and weak at that, and the passers by scarcely glanced at the small boy, and only gave a glance at the fair-haired girl who stood with head so bent that her face was concealed.

When he had played for a little while, Grace, trembling with nervousness, went round to the half-dozen persons, who had stopped to listen, with her plate. Only two contributed.

Johnnie, who had heard the chink of the coins, shook his head.

"Goin' to be a bad night, Grace," he said, shrewdly. "Shall we go home?"

But Grace's blood was up.

"No, no," she said; "let us go where there are more people." And, taking his hand, she led him towards Piccadilly. There were plenty of people there, but the boy's playing, though sweet and true, lacked strength and fire, and no one seemed to take any heed of it.

Grace felt a sinking of the heart, though Johnnie's face was as patient and uncomplaining as ever.

"No one will stop," she said, almost unconsciously.

No sooner were the words out of her lips than a tall figure, striding along the pavement, stopped in front of them.

Grace's back was turned as he paused, and she did not see him; but suddenly her heart gave a great leap, as if it would leap from her bosom, for she heard a voice—the voice—say—

"Hallo, youngster! Playing the fiddle, eh? And to bad business. And you play well, too; but it isn't loud enough. Here, lend it to me," he added, with a kind of brusque friendliness; and Johnnie felt the violin taken from his small hands.

Grace drew back, her heart beating wildly.

The man put the violin in position, drew the bow across the strings once or twice, then began to play with a force and strength which did not plead for attention but demanded it.

People stopped; a crowd gathered. The player went on, as if unconscious of his audience. The powerful strains seemed to fill the thoroughfare, and drown the noise of the vehicles.

He stopped, when the listeners had grown into a crowd, and looked round.

"Who goes round with the hat?" he said.

Trembling in every limb, Grace stepped forward, and offered her plate, and money—even silver—poured into it.

The crowd, knowing that after the collection there is no performance, melted away, murmuring, "Wonderful! And only a street-player, too!" And Heriot Fayne, with a laugh, put the violin back into the boy's hands.

"Good business, that, wasn't it?" he said.

Grace drew near, her head drooping, with the plate in her hand.

"Ah, yes! very good," he said. Then, as he recognized her, he uttered an exclamation.

"Hallo!" he cried. "It's you, is it?"

CHAPTER IX.

"OH, it's you, is it?" said Heriot Fayne, with a smile of surprise.

Grace looked up at him, her eyes dim with excess of joy, her delicate color coming and going in harmony with the throbbing of her heart.

"Yes," she said, timidly, pantingly.

"I didn't know that you went in for this sort of thing," he said, "I thought you made—what was it?"

"Boxes," she said; "Yes; but I have come out with Johnnie, because——"

"Your brother, eh?" he said. They were walking up the street by now, Johnnie clinging to Grace's hand. He laid his hand upon the lad's head.

"You play very well; very well indeed, Johnnie; but not quite strong enough for the open air. You want a hall for those soft little tones of yours."

Encouraged by the touch of the strong hand and kindly voice Johnnie found his voice.

"You've been very kind, sir," he said, timidly; "and you played splendidly. I shall never play like that, never."

"I don't think you will, you'll play ten times better, Johnnie," said Heriot Fayne. "But what you want is a hall, or a decent sized room, don't you know. You'd make a sensation there, with an audience that knows what music is. They don't know in the streets; how should they?"

He paused at the end of the street, and with a pang Grace felt that she was going—and for ever, perhaps, this time. She must make haste to say what she had to say, to relieve her heart, brimming over with gratitude.

"I—I want to tell you, to thank you," she said breathlessly. "I found your ring and the links, and the links have gone! I'm so sorry! But the ring—I'll give it to you now."

She began to fumble in her pocket, her eyes fixed on the pavement.

"Oh, the ring——" he began, carelessly, but she interrupted him.

"I'm sorry about—about the links. But I couldn't get work for some time. I've got it now, and—and I'll get them back and—and send them to you. And—and here's the ring, and—oh, thank you very, very much! I don't know what I should have done—but I'll get the links back, and soon I hope, and——" Her voice broke as she held out the piece of tissue paper to him.

Heriot Fayne put her hand back gently.

"Nonsense!" he said, almost roughly. "I didn't lend them to you, I gave them, and I don't care what becomes of them. You just put that ring back in your pocket again, and don't bother about it.

She looked at him with speechless gratitude, and with a long breath, as of relief, restored the precious ring to her pocket.

"I will keep it—I will never—never part with it," she said, almost inaudibly.

"You do what you like with it," he said, "it's yours altogether. Well, Johnnie, are you going to have another 'pitch?'"

"No, no," said Grace. "You must not play for us again, and he's tired; he couldn't play after—after hearing you, could you, Johnnie?"

"No," he assented, in a low voice; "and it's time to go home. Grandmother——"

"Going home to supper, eh?" said Heriot Fayne; "that reminds me that I'm rather hungry." He had dined only an hour or so since.

Johnnie drew Grace towards him and whispered something. Her face crimsoned and she murmured, "No, no! He would not"

"What's that?" asked Heriot Fayne.

The boy raised his sightless eyes pleadingly.

"I thought you might come home and—and have some supper with us," he said, timidly. "There's such a lot of money——"

"Enough to buy a good feed and leave something over, is there?" said Heriot Fayne. "Well, if you are sure there is——"

"Yes, yes," Johnnie said, eagerly.

"Well, then I'll come," he said. He had promised to join a baccarat party at eleven; but he was tired of baccarat, and there was something novel in supping with a street fiddler and his sister.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," said Johnnie. "Grace," and he raised himself on tiptoe to whisper, "you must get something nice. I wonder whether he likes baked potatoes and saveloys, or perhaps some beef—with plenty of fat, you know, and peas pudding. You might get some currant duff, too, and some apples. And I'll take a jug and get some of the best half-and-half from the Black Swan—that's the best place."

Heriot Fayne listened, though he whistled with an air of abstraction.

"Hush!" said Grace, warningly, and she pressed the boy's hand. "I'—I'll get something nice."

"Perhaps you'd better ask him," whispered Johnnie.

But Grace would not, and they walked on. Presently they came to one of the German shops; it was one of the best in London, where dainties of the most elaborate and expensive kinds were sold.

Heriot Fayne stopped as if struck by an idea.

"Did you say you were going to buy something for supper? I didn't hear exactly what you said, but I fancy I caught the word. Right! Well, look here, suppose I choose something or other at this place?"

They drew up at the window, and Grace looked at the strange little jars and tins, the Archangel tongues, and pots of pate de foie gras, doubtfully.

"Do you think they sell nice things here?" she said. "We—Johnnie wants something nice to-night."

"Yes, I think so," he said. "Look here, I'll go in and see: you wait outside. I shan't be long, for I'm precious hungry, I can tell you."

He was striding into the shop when he felt a hand upon his arm.

"Wait—the money," said Grace, with a blush.

"Oh! ah, yes, of course," he said. "By George, I should have looked foolish when I got inside, shouldn't I? You wait here."

He went and knocked on the counter, and the German proprietor came out of his back parlor.

"Give me some pate de foie gras, and some truffles, and a pot of that Strasburg meat of yours, and one of those raised pies, and a tongue, and a jar of jelly—what the deuce are you staring at? Look sharp!" For the proprietor, not unnaturally, was surprized at this extensive and expensive order coming from a man who was dressed something like a coster-monger.

"Do you know the price of some things?" he asked.

"Hand them over and hang the price. Look sharp," said Heriot Fayne, and there was something in his manner and voice that impressed the shopkeeper, for he got the required articles and spread them on the counter.

"Pack 'em up. How much? Wait; put in a bottle of Rhine wine. Decent stuff. Great aunt, do you think all eternity is going to wait for you while you potter about?"

The German, open-eyed and open-mouthed, and still wondering and suspicious, packed the parcel, but kept one hand upon it while he demanded the amount—a sum that would have made Grace's and Johnnie's hair stand on end.

Heriot Fayne threw down the money, he took two shillings and some coppers from the money Grace had given him and walked out to them.

"I've got a jolly nice little spread, but it's cost rather more than I thought—a matter of nearly three shillings. Hope you don't think it's too much?" he said, as he gave her back the remainder of the money.

"No, no!" said Johnnie, eagerly, though at another time, nearly three shillings would have seemed a very large price for a supper. "I hope you have got what you like, Mr.—Mr.—I don't know your name."

"Dick," said Heriot Fayne.

"Mr. Dick," said Johnnie, "because you were so good to Grace—she's been telling me that you're the man that found her the morning she was down on her luck; and oh, I hope you've got what you like. If not, there's a very good cook shop near where we live, whore you can get first-rate saveloys."

"Is there, now?" said Heriot Fayne. "Well, I'm sorry you didn't tell me before, because I don't know how these things will turn out. Never mind, we'll risk it; we've got to now. Is it far from here where you live?"

"You know," said Grace; "it is where—where you found me that morning."

"Of course," he said, though this information was not much of a guide to him.

They walked on, he carrying the parcel of "delicatessen" and smoking a short briar. No one, meeting them, would have taken him for anything but what he looked, and Grace had no suspicions.

They reached the quiet street—it was called Gay, perhaps because there was nothing very gay about it—and Grace knocked at the door.

"Is—is grandmother back?" Johnnie asked the landlady, who opened it.

"No, she ain't, Johnnie," was the reply, "and I don't think it's likely she'll be back for a fortnight, for my Polly says she saw her when she went for the supper beer, bein' took off by the perlice for drunk an' disorderly."

Johnnie sighed.

"She may come back," he said. "Let's have supper in your room, may we, Grace?"

They went up to the attic, and Grace, with a murmured apology, swept the table clear of the box-making materials and rapidly spread a darned but clean cloth. Heriot Fayne looked round, though he affected to be busy with the parcel.

Some parts of the attic were so low that he could not stand upright without danger of knocking the top of his head off, but he noticed that the place was scrupulously clean.

"There won't be forks for you or me, Johnnie," she said, in an undertone, "and I hope he hasn't brought anything that wants pepper, because I haven't any. Now, you sit there on the box and there's a chair for you, Mr. Dick; and—oh, did all those things cost only three shillings?" she exclaimed, as Heriot Fayne slapped down his purchases upon the table.

"Those foreign things are very cheap," he said, in a matter-of-fact way.

"Goodness knows what they are made of, but I hope they'll be nice. Let me give you some of this pie, and I believe—I don't know—that this stuff in the glass jar is the thing to eat with it. Got a corkscrew? No more have I. Never mind. I'll show you a trick I learnt. This is the way when you're druv into a corner and——"

He took a knife and struck the edge of the neck of the bottle all round, and lo and behold! the top came off so neatly that not a drop of precious Marco Bruno escaped. "Give me your glass—teacup, I mean—and try it, Miss Warner. Won't be so good as beer—these cheap foreign wines never are, you know; but never mind, we've got to put up with it. Have some of this stuff out of the jar, Johnnie. What's it like? Awful rubbish, I expect."

"It's beautiful!" said Johnnie, as he tasted the costly compound. "Just beautiful! You take some yourself, Mr. Dick!"

"rather!" said Heriot Fayne. "Hem, it's not bad, though I fancy savelovs myself; but, there, I didn't know, don't you know."

He kept the confections going, and their cups well filled with the rare Rhine wine, but Grace noticed that, notwithstanding his assertion of hunger, he did not eat much himself.

"Well," he said, as she timidly pressed him, "I'm one of those fellows that don't eat much. I'm all for a pipe, you know. Give me a pipe—you try a slice of that tongue, Miss Warner; and here, Johnnie, let me give you some. It's not bad for a cheap kind of thing."

With much pretence of eating he plied the two until they met him with a firm refusal; then he leant back, as if he had really eaten too much, and asked permission to smoke.

"Yes, yes," said Grace, and she sprang up and got him a light from the lamp.

Her eyes were gleaming, a delicate rose color tinted her face, happiness seemed to radiate from her pretty face and graceful little figure.

Heriot Fayne, with his arms behind his head, regarded them thoughtfully as he smoked.

But, strange to say, he was not thinking of them, but of a pale-faced lady in a pony-cart, a lady who leant forward to him, her soul in her eyes, and a cheap turquoise ring on her finger. Grace's eyes wandered to that ring on his hand several times. But he put the vision from him and returned to the present.

"Get out your violin, Johnnie," he said, "and let us hear you play. I like music after supper; or perhaps you are too tired to play?"

"No, no!" the blind boy made haste to say; and Grace put the violin in his hand, and she drew her chair back to the wall to listen; but her eyes kept wandering to the dark handsome face with a rapt expression.

The boy played, and Heriot Fayne listened, smoking hard all the time; and, when the aria was finished; he knocked the table with his hand applaudingly.

"Bravo, Johnnie," he said. "I can hear you here. You want four walls, not the open street; all your tones are lost there. Let me see," he stared before him, musingly. "Yes, I think I can manage it. Look here, I know one or two people who—that is, I think I might be able to get an introduction to some people who have music at their homes, when they entertain their friends in the evening. See? You might go and play for 'em."

The boy's face lit up, and then fell sadly.

"But—but I can't go alone, Mr. Dick. And—and grandmother——"

Grace laid her hand upon his arm.

"I could go with you sometimes, Johnnie," she said, in a low voice.

"But—but your work; you couldn't leave that, Grace."

"Oh, yes, I could;" she said, cheerfully; "just now and again. Only think what a good thing it would be for you! I suppose the ladies and gentlemen would give Johnnie, perhaps, five or ten shillings?" she added, to Heriot.

He affected to consider for a moment.

"Shouldn't wonder; perhaps more. I don't know much about it myself, but I could find out. You leave it to me, and I'll do my best. I knock about a good deal," he went on, trying to explain his acquaintance with the aristocracy, "and meet people who know these swells; see?"

It seemed quite simple to Grace and Johnnie, and hope fluttered like a bird in the boy's breast, as he sat on his box, with his head leaning on his hands, his eyes fixed on Heriot Fayne, as if he could see him. Presently he leant back and the eyes closed.

Grace looked at him with tender pity. "Poor boy!" she said, in a low voice. "He has fallen asleep. He gets tired at night; it's the playing in the open air. How happy he looks. I shall let him sleep till he wakes, then take him downstairs.

Heriot Fayne looked from the boy to the girl.

"You are not very much like each other for brother and sister," he said, absently.

"He is not my brother," she said. "I haven't—haven't any one. I—I told you."

"So you did," he said. 'Stupid of me to forget. I remember your telling me that your mother and father were dead."

Her face paled and she winced.

"Not—they're not dead," she said. "Worse. I"—her eyes filled with tears, and a look of misery and anguish came into her face—"I am as good as dead to them. I—oh, I cannot tell you, even you!" Her voice was broken by a dry sob, and, as if to change the subject, she said—

"You—you have got a new ring in the place of the one you gave me."

He started slightly, and looked thoughtfully at the ring.

"Y-es," he said. "Like it?" and he held out his hand; but, almost before she could examine the ring, he drew the hand back and stuck it in his pocket.

"Not so well as the old," she said, shyly.

"That's all right," he said, with a short laugh; "because I wouldn't swop with you. And now I must be going." He rose, banged his head against the corner of the attic, and held out his hand. "I'll let you know about Johnnie," he said, "and I'll write—no, I'll come and tell you."

"You will come again?" she said, almost to herself, and her eyes beamed.

"Yes," he said. "You'll find me dropping in all unexpectedly some day. Good-night." And his handsome, reckless face softened with a kindly smile.

Grace stood in the centre of the room listening to his firm footsteps on the rickety stairs, like a girl in a dream. Why, surely it was a dream! And now, it had vanished, and she was awake to the ugly reality of hard, everyday life!

"Poor little girl!" Heriot Fayne said to himself, as he got into the open air. "Poor little thing. The old business! Lord, how I should like to meet the man, whoever he is!"

CHAPTER X.

IT was still early, for such night birds as he, and he walked on listlessly for awhile. Before he had gone the length of a couple of streets he had ceased to think of Grace Warner, and the mental picture of the girl in the country lane at Averleigh had again risen before him.

"I am a fool!" he said at last, and bitterly, as he called a hansom. He was driven to a certain fast club, which, like the own, is asleep all day and awake all night, and entering, was at once greeted by a hearty welcome from a group of men gathered aound a baccarat table.

There is no more luxurious club than the Ace of Spades in luxurious London, at none is there higher play, and many a youngster had dated his start on the Road to Ruin from the night he had first passed its swinging plate-glass doors.

"Hallo, Heriot, thought you'd forgotten us," said one young fellow, with a boyish face, flushed with champagne and excitement. "Where have you been? Come in this next turn and take my place, I'm nearly stone broke already." He got up rather unsteadily, and Heriot Fayne took his place. But he did not seem to take much interest in the game, and won or lost without a trace of excitement. Through the flip flip of the cards as they fell softly on the green cloth, through the subdued talk of the players, the popping of the champagne corks, the whispering voices of the footmen, he could hear distinctly the clear, low voice of Eva Winsdale.

"How can I thank you! You have risked your life to save mine!" The words, the low sweet tone in which they were uttered, beat upon his brain. He rose suddenly, and—the other players stared at him—walked across the room to where, in a beautifully constructed "cosy corner" of satinwood, young Lord Seamount, whose place he had taken, was sleeping peacefully.

"Wake up and come out of it," said Heriot, shaking him by the shoulder.

The boy—for, indeed, he was little more—opened his eyes, and stared sleepily up at him.

"What's the matter? Breakfast ready? Oh, go to the deuce! Oh, it's you, Heriot! What do you want?"

Heriot Fayne signed to a footman to bring their hats, and taking Seamount's arm, led him out of the club.

"You young idiot," he said; "you can't drink and play, too! Come home with me, and I'll give you a pick-me-up."

The boy stared at the dark, and now grim, face with some surprise. Heriot Fayne didn't often play the part of a monitor.

"What's up? What's come to you, Heriot?" he asked. "Joined the Blue Ribbon army, or what?"

Heriot Fayne laughed slowly, as if ashamed of himself.

"It would be as well, perhaps, if you were to join it, Monty," he retorted. "Take my word for it, you are no good as a drinkist. Give it up, or give up the cards."

The boy rubbed his eyes. Was he dreaming?

"I mean it," said Heriot Fayne, sternly. "Look here, you think I'm drunker than you are. Perhaps I am; but never mind. You just listen to me, you—you infant, you baby in arms! You're on the wrong track. See? I know, because I'm on it myself. I began just like you, and—it's too late to go back now. But it's different with you. You've still got something left, and—and—— Oh, lord, what's the use of my preaching?" he broke off.

"Not a bit," said the boy, but rather gravely. "You don't do it very well, Heriot. You're about as bad at preaching as I am at drinking. We should both do for frightful examples, and that's all. Why it's too late? What's come to you, old chap?"

They had reached Fayne's rooms in Warwick street, by this time, and Fayne had concocted a pick-me-up out of soda-water, liquor and cayenne, and had forced the boy, very much against his will, to drink it.

"Better now?" asked Fayne, coolly. "How many candles are there on that table?"

"Why, two, you idiot!" answered the lad. "Do you think I'm drunk!"

Heriot Fayne smiled grimly.

"You'll do. Now, I want you to do something for me——"

"All right; but, I say, look here, what did you mean by preaching to me just now, Heriot? All jolly fine; but, come to that, why don't you practice what you preach! You're a good one to ramp about temperance, and the rest of it!"

Fayne let his hand fall upon the boy's shoulder, and looked down at him with a strange and quite novel sadness in his dark eyes.

"It was cursed foolish, I know," he said. "But—look at me—I was like you once, and, somehow, the sight of you to-night, lying there, reminded me of what I was, what I might have been, and what I am. It is too late for me, but it isn't for you. You've got a mother, and a very good mother, too! She's breaking her heart about you at this moment. Sitting up, and waiting for you to stumble up the steps of her house in the Square there; and there she'll wait for you, night after night, and watch for you patiently while she's got a place to watch and wait in. But that won't be long, for you're going the pace, Monty, aren't you? And you'll run through your money and hers, and come down to a lodging at Boulogne, or some other infernal hole. And then—why then, when you're creeping about, waiting for Death, and wishing that it had come the day you were born, you'll think of all the chances that you've flung away, of the life that you have led, and—— Here, have some more of this stuff."

The boy took it, with a shaky hand and a scared look on his infantile face.

"'Pon my word, Heriot, I believe you're as drunk as a hatter!"

"I am," said Heriot, with a grim laugh. "Never mind. Get out, now. Wait; I wanted you to do something for me. What is it? Oh, ah; yes. Your mother has an 'at home' every fortnight, doesn't she?"

"She does. A regular tea fight; full house every time; money turned away at the door."

"Just so, and she has some kind of entertainment; music, and that sort of thing."

"Yes; the last smasher on the music-box—piano—and the squallers from the opera, and all that. And the fellow with long hair, who recites. I caught sight of the Johnnie one afternoon—she'd persuaded me to stop, and I fled at once."

"Yes," said Heriot. "Well, look here. I want you to ask her to engage someone I know who plays the fiddle like—like——"

"An angel. I know. It's a girl, I'll bet ten to one in monkeys. Done, Heriot?"

"Shut up," said Heriot Fayne, with this novel sternness. "It's a boy; he's blind. But he does play like an angel, and your mother couldn't do better. See?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ONE of the lessons which young people have to learn by experience is the power, as well as the enduring quality, of deeds and words, and that they cannot talk idly as the wind whistles, or do carelessly as the reeds float, with no effect produced and no impress made.

Bric-a-Brac.

A STONE FROG.—A petrified frog, found in an Elmira (N. Y.) stone quarry in 1886, was two feet and eight inches in length, and weighed over 100 pounds.

A GOOD LAW.—The Bulgarians are often referred to as savages; but on one point our very refined law-makers and law-dispensers might learn a really useful lesson from them. By their law, if a building—such as a house, bridge, or arch—falls, and any one is killed, the architect is at once put into prison until he can prove that the fault was not his.

THE DONKEY'S CHORUS.—A story is told of an ass at Chartres that was very fond of music. There was one lady whose excellent voice always attracted him. Whenever she sang, Neddy used to go up to the window and listen with the utmost attention. On one occasion he was so mightily moved with the performance, the donkey forgot himself and stepped through the window into the room. Nor did his admiration stop there, for no sooner had he reached the singer's side than he fell a-braying with all the vigor of stentorian lungs.

WHAT'S O'CLOCK.—Everybody loves the pimpernel with its pretty petals of rich pink. The favorite wild flower, besides being a wayside beauty, is useful to the country folk. Excepting when it is closed, it tells to a certainty when it will rain, for long before the shower, it folds up its petals. Hence they name it "the poor man's weather glass." Not only, however, does it announce the approach of rain, but it also proclaims the arrival of mid-day and morning. No matter how fine the weather, is always shut up at noon, being thus a pioneer of the early-closing movement, and does not open again until seven o'clock next morning. And yet no poet has sung—"Would I were a pimpernel!"

SAGE AND STUFFING.—It is always safest never to prophesy unless we know. Dr. Willett, lecturer, learned the truth of this rule after a very painful lesson. His hobby was the stuffing of birds, on his skill in which he rather prided himself. Walking along the street one day with a friend, the figure of an owl in a window caught his notice. "Look there now," he said; "there's a fine bird quite spoiled by its stuffing! You never saw a live owl roost like that, and its eyes are a deal larger than ever owl had." Just then the supposed-to-be-stuffed bird lifted one leg and blinked its eye right in the critic's face. It was some time before Dr. Willett could be got to speak of stuffed birds with any degree of confidence.

SHE GREW OLD IN SPITE OF HER LEARNING.—It used to be said that if you were very, very clever when you were young, you could not possibly reach a good old age. However that may be, it was not true of Maria Agnesi, who was born at Milan in 1718. At nine she talked and lectured in Latin, at eleven she spoke Greek fluently, and then easily acquired French, Spanish, German, and several other Eastern tongues. Her father, proud of her remarkable gifts, used to invite learned men and deep thinkers to his house to discuss grave things with Maria. After she was twenty she devoted herself to mathematics, and, when her father was too feeble to hold the office, she became Professor of Mathematics at Bologna University. After she took to these more serious studies, her cheerfulness vanished and she grew to dislike society. Then she became a nun, and gave herself up to the ministry of the poor and afflicted. She died at the ripe age of eighty-one years.

TRACKED BY ITS TRAP.—Bears and wolves, the former especially, are the pet aversion of the peasants of Finland. The distressed folk form hunting parties for the purpose of killing off the animals wholesale, and they have even raised a bitter cry for British sportsmen to go over and help them. "After grouse, pheasant and partridge shooting, try bear," is the favorite Finnish advice to men of other lands in want of suitable enjoyment for winter. They are always setting traps, but not always skilfully. For instance, a great bear that had rendered life in the parish of Ketti not worth the living was actually caught at last, but calmly walked off, trap and all, into the adjoining forest. The creature, however, found the trap a very undesirable ornament, and a few days after its escape Bruin was discovered in a thoroughly exhausted state. Of course the peasants slew the animal straight away, for which relief, could the bear have spoken, it doubtless would have said, "Much thanks."

WINTER: TWILIGHT.

BY A. H. B.

O'er the wide landscape spreads a pall of snow,
Stainless and white and pure and beautiful
As tender Childhood's sleep of innocence,
Ere yet black sin with its corroding touch
Has seared its fleeting bloom. The Winter trees,
Holly and ash, are gemmed with berries red,
Boon to the craving feathered tribes, who else
Would starve and die.
The red-encircled mere
Is one vast sheet of ice, beneath whose face
The prisoned trout lie still and motionless,
No kindly sun to thaw their glassy tomb.
Within the byre the foddered kine lie warm;
The watch-dog in his kennel curls him round,
Drowsy with sleep. Summons the sultan cock
His harem to the hen-roost. Day declines;
The leaden hue of the drear wintry sky
Gives place to sombre darkness; all grows still,
And icy silence ushers in the night.

ALTHEA'S TRIAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CATHERINE MAIDMENT'S BURDEN," "BENEFIT OF CLERGY," "THE VICAR'S AUNT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

QUITE the gentleman! was Mrs Green's simultaneous remark.

"My sister-law's Emma," a blooming, dark-haired girl in a tightly-fitting red bodice, rose but inadequately to the occasion. Possibly the reserved criticism of her fellows embarrassed her; possibly the stranger's waiting attitude deprived her of self-possession.

"Yon's his house," was all she could find to say. "Yon with the brick wall." She nodded her handsome black head sideways by way of explanation, and gave a sort of twitch to her apron.

"Thank you!" was the answer.

The young man paused a moment, and seemed to hesitate, before turning to pursue his walk in the direction indicated. The tiniest vestige of a flush was visible on his smooth face, but the shade of his straw hat's brim effectually concealed it. The hat rested on a quantity of closely-cropped dark, curly hair, and the eyes which followed the girl's gestures were large and gray, with a self-possessed steadiness in them, behind which steadiness something inexplicable seemed to lurk; something that was a subtle mixture of defiance and keen enjoyment.

"Can you tell me if I should be likely to find him in at this time of day?" he added, repeating his former question.

He changed the Gladstone bag to his other hand as he spoke, as if he found it a trifle heavy. His boots were dusty with the dust of a long walk.

The deficient Emma was elbowed out of the way hurriedly by a little, fair girl, who looked boldly up into the man's face. But before she could speak, a sharp, shrill scream cut through the air. It proceeded from Mrs. Allen's house. With one consent, the strange man; the group of girls, and every one else who was within reach of the sound, turned in the direction from which it came.

The door-step was empty; both Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Green had disappeared and from within the house came a succession of cries and exclamations, in which Mrs. Allen's voice was discernible.

"What in the world is the matter?" said the young man. His words were probably more of an exclamation than a question, for, to judge from their faces, the girls were all too much occupied in forming alarming surmises on their own account to answer him.

"Come on!" said the dark-haired Emma briefly, starting of at a run towards the Allens' house. She was followed closely by all the girls, and at a little further distance by, first, the strange young man, and a large proportion of all the people in the "street."

The foremost girls had just reached the door, when Mrs. Green, her knitting grasped confusedly all in one hand, her clean apron awry, came out of it at a pace as near as a run as she could manage.

"Go for Dr. Meredith, one of you, do! Em, Bess or any one—hurry! Mrs. Allen's Thomas Benjamin's swallowed something off the mantlepiece, and he's choking terrible! He's black in the face now; he'll choke himself to death if you don't hurry!"

But neither Bess nor Em started on their errand. As Mrs Green began to speak, the strange young man had pushed his way gently but decidedly to the front, and he broke in now upon her last words.

"I am a doctor," he said quickly. "I am come to be Dr. Meredith's assistant. Let me in, and I'll do my best for the child."

Mrs. Green fell back with a confused and incoherent exclamation of thanks; and the young man flung the Gladstone bag down on the garden path, and strode into the cottage. As his first proceeding was to shut the door behind him, the group of girls, augmented by this time into a little crowd, had to fall back upon themselves for excitement and interest. There was a moment or so of silent listening to what might be going on within, of which nothing could be heard or discerned save the sudden cessation of Mrs. Allen's cries and ejaculations.

And then one of the girls—it was the little fair-haired one who had faced him so audaciously when Mrs. Allen's first scream broke in on them—picked up, by way of giving point to the observations which were flying excitedly about with regard to the young man's statement of his business in Mary Combe, the Gladstone bag from the path.

"This here's his luggage!" she said, in the voice of one who establishes with all confidence a prior claim to attention.

"And very like got his name on it!" added another girl.

The little crowd surged as near as the limits of the garden would allow them. But there was no inscription on the bag beyond the two initials "A. G." in small white letters, and the pioneer girl received scant credit for her discovery; and she put down the bag again with a feeling akin to the taste of the mythical apples of Sodom.

"Nice-looking sort o' chap!" "Pleasant spoken, too!" "And ready, all in a minute, like! 'I'm a doctor,' he says, and in he goes." "Youngish, too!"

These were the comments which circled confusedly among the crowd. Their hope and expectation of seeing the object of this excitement come out again grew stronger as every moment passed by. It seemed like half an hour, but it really was only ten minutes or so, before the door opened; the strange young man's hand was seen to be resting on it, and the strange young man's voice was heard saying:

"I'm sure he'll do now, my good woman. I should give him his tea and put him to bed."

With the last words the strange young man came out, followed by Mrs. Allen, whose face bore traces of considerable and tearful agitation, and in whose arms the newly recovered Thomas Benjamin was closely clasped.

The baby face, for it was only three years old, looked very white, and the little black-haired head formed a sharp contrast of color. Thomas Benjamin's experiences had evidently been sharply painful to him, and very exhausting.

"The child was 'most gone!" said Mrs Green, emphatically detailing the whole occurrence later on. "It was one of them glass balls as Allen got at the seaside last summer. Who'd have thought he could have reached it off the shelf, goodness only knows! But reached it he had, and swallowed it he had. Leastways, it had stuck in the child's throat, and there it would a' been now, and him a corpse, if it hadn't been for the young gentleman."

"Don't distress yourself about him," the young man said very gently as Mrs. Allen's long sobbing breaths of agitation threatened to overpower her again, "I do assure you he will be all right now, and if you will like I will——"

But the young man's intention remained unspoken. The sound of a horse's footsteps clattered out sharply on the hard road behind them, and the crowd turned with the sound.

"Here's Dr. Meredith!" half a dozen voices exclaimed.

The young man, instead of following the example of the crowd, stopped suddenly to pick up his bag again. He could not see where it was at first, apparently, for it was quite half a minute before he raised himself again. When he did so there was again that tiny flush on his cheek, again that half defiant, half-delighted look in his eyes. He strode through the group down to the little garden gate. His head was very erect, and notwithstanding that look, his eyes were fearlessly steady. He went through the gate, with his bag in his hand, straight up to where Dr. Meredith, in the middle of the road, had reined in his horse to listen to the confused answers which were eagerly offered to his question as to what was wrong.

Dr. Meredith had gained, in the strife of tongues, a floating impression that some one's child had met with a slight accident, when this was obliterated by the much stronger impression that he must be either dreaming or losing his wits. The reason of this last feeling was the undercurrent of phrases that ran through the account concerning "the gentleman as is your assistant, sir."

He had not had time to think coherently, however, when, "Good evening, Dr. Meredith," caused him to look up and turn sharply.

There, on the other side of his horse to that from which he was bending down to listen, stood the young man in the gray tweed clothes. Dr. Meredith stared blankly at him. Then, with a movement so rapid as to make his horse swerve violently, he dismounted and took three strides up to the stranger; and Dr. Meredith and his assistant stood face to face. The light in the young man's eyes danced wildly, flamed up, and then seemed almost to flash. He held out his hand.

"Good evening," he repeated cheerily. "You did not expect me to day, I know. But I have arrived, and I have also entered upon my duties as your assistant."

A succession of changes had passed over Dr. Meredith's face. The stare had resolved itself into a look of blank, hopeless bewilderment. This had been followed by a flash of keen anger, to be again obliterated by a look like that of a man who is walking in his sleep. Mechanically he brushed his hand before his eyes.

"Good evening!" he responded. His voice, like his face, was vacant and toneless.

Then there was a little pause. The sunlight streamed down on the white road, on the tired horse standing patiently with his head drooping a little, the eager little crowd on the other side, and on the two figures facing each other. From the outskirts Mrs. Allen, still with Thomas Benjamin clasped to her heart, looked on interestedly.

The pause was broken again in an instant by Dr. Meredith. He gave an almost imperceptible start, with which he seemed to rouse himself from his bewildered dream, and then he spoke:

"I did not expect you to day, as you said," in his ordinary voice; "but since you have arrived, pray come to my house. I am on my way there."

He caught the horse's bridle over his arm and prepared to walk on. The young man placed himself at his side, and as he did so Dr. Meredith made some sort of commonplace remark about the weather. The young man answered it at some length.

By this time they were out of earshot of the people, and Dr. Meredith, first realizing this by a glance, spoke no more. They walked in complete silence. And it was in silence that Dr. Meredith opened the gate and motioned to the young man to precede him.

He hastily threw the reins of his horse to the groom, who had seen his approach, and stood waiting, with an exemplary readiness compounded of mixed motives, in which curiosity bore a strong part, and then he made the stranger again precede him into the house, and into the sitting-room.

Once there, he turned the key sharply in the door, and placing himself with his back to it, faced the young man, who was standing apparently waiting for him to speak.

"Now, then!" he said. "Perhaps you will tell me what this means, Althea?"

CHAPTER IV.

THE strange young man did not move one muscle at this address. Very coolly and very slowly he drew out a chair and sat down without speaking. Then he looked straight up at Dr. Meredith's face, and a scarcely repressed tremble round the lips was added to the dancing light in the eyes, which last was now an unmistakeable daring defiance, as keen as it was evident.

"What is the meaning of what, Jim? I can't answer until I understand you, can I now?"

As she spoke Althea Godfray tossed her straw hat on the table, looked at it, and rubbed one hand through her short hair.

"I'm all dusty!" she exclaimed to herself. "Horribly dusty! Jim!" she added in a rather louder voice, "Jim I've walked all the way from Fern Morton. And, Jim, I do hate country roads!"

Dr. Meredith had not moved an inch since his first adoption of his position against the door. He had stood absolutely motionless, staring with a gaze that is only to be called transfixed at the figure opposite to him.

Now he brushed his hand across his brow with much the same bewildered gesture that he had used in the street. He seemed to try to brush away some veil that hung across his senses, and to make a desperate effort to see beyond it.

"It is you, I suppose?" he said vaguely. "I'm not dreaming; that I know for a fact. And I suppose I have not gone clean out of my senses since five o'clock."

"It's Althea Godfrey, if that's what you want to know," was the answer. "This be I! all right, Jim. I'm not a tramp, and I'm not a burglar, and I'm not a lunatic!"

There was an aggressive cheeriness and unconcern about her voice and about the dancing eyes, which were still fixed on Dr. Meredith, which might have been intended—half in unconsciousness—to contradict and defy something which lay behind; something with which those daring, longing eyes would have dropped if their owner would have allowed; something with which the elaborately mannish pose of her figure was instinct; something which was faint, half amused, half daring shamefacedness.

"I shall be, though, directly," muttered Dr. Meredith.

Then he seemed to pull himself together. By a great effort he seemed to tear away the confusing veil from his senses. He squared his shoulders, and the look which he had never moved from the figure opposite to him grew direct and purposeful.

"Look here, Althea," he said, "I can only repeat my question, as you have given me no answer. What is the meaning of this?"

He spoke with an emphasis on each word, and little emphatic pauses between.

The figure in the door was turned towards him, and the gray, laughing eyes became aggressively demure.

"I'm very sorry," was the response; "but I can only repeat my answer. I can't tell you anything until you make your meaning plainer."

With the words its owner's shapely arm and hand were stretched out to the straw hat on the table, and Althea spun it sharply and deftly round like a teetotum.

"What is the meaning of this descent upon me—of your coming down *here* in that dress? Why did you do it? Does that convey itself to you, Althea?"

"Assuredly it does, Jim. I can always manage to give a plain answer to a plain question. This answer is very simple."

"Give it, then, please."

"Why in the world do you barricade that door so, Jim? Are there burglars in the house from whom you wish to preserve me? Tell me and then I'll tell you. You don't know how funny you look!"

There was a twinkle in the defiant dancing gray eyes which unconsciously appealed to Dr. Meredith so much as to make him loose his hold on the door handle, and come a step or two into the room.

"Don't be so childish!" he said, discovering instantly with vexation what he had done. "Come to the point, Althea, pray!"

With a quick gesture, Althea folded her arms, and having thereby still more exaggerated her mannish pose, gazed up into her questioner's eyes, with the same defiance—defiance that, for the moment, quite quelled the struggle, half-hidden shamefacedness.

"I came because I chose, Jim. That's the answer."

"Because you chose?" echoed Dr. Meredith mechanically.

Then, leaving the door, he took two or three quick strides across the room. Under her eyelashes, Althea watched him covertly, apparently to see if he was coming to her side. Finding his steps passed by, the gray eyes instantly became absorbed in an ostentatious survey of the details of the room.

"Because you chose?" he repeated blankly.

Althea leaned her two elbows on the table, rested her chin on her hands, and looked at Dr. Meredith across the corner of the table that was all that now separated them.

"I chose to come, because I meant to help you!" she said. "And I mean it still!" she added.

"To help me?" he said.

"To help you," she repeated. "Didn't you write to me on Wednesday, to say that you were so overworked you didn't know which way to turn?"

She paused.

"Yes," Dr. Meredith said slowly. "Yes; I certainly did."

"Didn't you say—be honest, now, I've got your letter in my pocket—that you could not possibly go on as you were doing, and that at the same time you saw no prospect of getting any help, because

the practice wouldn't stand it, at present."

Her voice had exchanged some of its defiance for confidence, as she went on; or rather the confidence had been added to the defiance.

And Dr. Meredith stood before her, for the moment almost guiltily. Before he could speak, she spoke again.

"If it wasn't true; if you were working on my feelings only," she went on, "on your own head be it, Jim! But you wouldn't. And I believe it was quite true, from looking at you. You're looking tired and, fagged—very fagged indeed," she added, with a pretty little movement of the chin resting in her hands. "I shall have to take you in hand, first of all. I wonder if you'll be as good a patient as that nice little choking——"

"Althea!" Dr. Meredith's voice was very tense and sharp. "Althea! Don't for goodness sake, go on talking in this absurd manner! Collect yourself, pray, and let us consider what is the best thing to be done; the best course to take in this preposterous situation!"

"In what way?" she asked coolly. She was leaning back in her chair now, with one slightly clenched hand resting firmly on the table. A curious change had come over her with her last measured little sentence. Her personality was no longer that of the exaggerated young man, that hitherto she had seemed to be. She had become, all at once, very much herself: Althea Godfrey; and Althea Godfrey in her firmest and most decided mood.

"The best thing to be done, to my mind," she added decisively, "is to consider where I had better go to find lodgings. There are decent rooms to be had somewhere, I suppose?" There was just a slight shade of anxiety in her voice as she spoke the last words.

"Lodgings!" exclaimed Dr. Meredith. "Rooms! Are you mad, Althea? Upon my word, I think you must be."

"Why?"

The monosyllable was spoken very steadily. If the defiant light in her eyes wavered for a moment, the wavering was so slight as to be imperceptible.

"Why? Need you ask? Could any sane woman dream for a moment of staying here?"

"I am quite sane, and I intend, not only to talk of it, but to do it.'"

As she spoke Althea lifted her head and looked steadily into Dr. Meredith's eyes with a light of resolution stronger even than the defiance, shining in her own.

He met her gaze equally steadily. For a long minute the two gazed at each other in perfect silence. Then Dr. Meredith made a half choked inarticulate sound which was more expressive in its inarticulateness than any words could have been, and turning on his heel, stalked past Althea to the window, where he stood staring at the red-brick garden wall, as if the sight might help him to arrange the chaotic tumult of thought which was making his senses whirl.

He felt like a man in a dream, a dream which had suddenly enveloped his senses at the moment when he pulled up the street on his way home, and swept away everything else before it. The afternoon, the thoughts and incidents of his day's work, were all as wholly removed from him now as if they had taken place in another sphere. Nothing seemed real and nothing seemed either possible or impossible, in the confused, dazed world in which he found himself.

As in a bad dream incident after incident, each more unreal and impossible than the last, seems to develope out of vagueness, so it was with him. First, he had been absolutely stunned, as it were, by the sight of Althea Godfrey at his side in the road; then his bewildered brain had had to try and realize the fact that she herself, in the flesh, was sitting at this moment here, in his presence, in his own room; and, lastly, he had been wholly carried off his feet by her statement as to her intentions.

The more he tried to arrange things in his mind, the more he tried to think of what was best and reasonable for him to say, or to do, the more the whole situation rose before him in an immensity of bewildered incredulity that took from him every shred of judgment, and every particle of concentration.

Three minutes passed, but they might, for all he knew, have been three hours, before the cause of all this bewilderment broke in upon it.

"Jim," Althea Godfrey said.

Mechanically, in the merest instinctive answer to his name, Dr. Meredith turned round—half hoping, he did not know how or why, that the dream might have been a dream indeed, and that, turning, he should find it so. But he was doomed to realize the contrary at once.

"Look here," she continued, "I have not had this thing fairly out yet. Listen to me."

Dr. Meredith showing no signs of doing otherwise, the gray eyes which had inspected his face to discover whether he meant to obey or no, left it and fixed themselves on the wall just above his head.

"You must look at what I have to say reasonably," she went on. No answer, opposing or otherwise, came from him, and she seemed to bring to an end her preparatory breaking of the ground, and to attack her argument determinedly.

"You cannot deny—you have not attempted to deny—that you are overworked, and must have help. I should like to know who is a more proper person to help you, than I; and who has a better right. As to my powers, you know all about them, and you've said often enough that you believed in them. I am better qualified than any ordinary assistant you could get, and I have had enough experience to make me useful. I am perfectly strong, physically; I have no work whatever of my own at present; I acknowledge no claims on me greater than yours. In fact," here the gray eyes were suddenly brought down from their level to Dr. Meredith's face, "Jim, I cannot have you slave yourself to death while I can prevent it, and I do not mean to."

There had been an odd softening in her trenchant tones with the last rather unexpected turn to her argument, and the gray eyes shone with something that was neither triumph nor defiance.

"You see that, Jim, dear?" she added.

For Mr. Meredith, that tone in her voice and that altered something in her eyes seemed to make a way out of his dream. His face changed as if he touched something real, and something familiar, too, and took his stand on it.

"My dear girl," he said, coming, as he spoke, much nearer to the gray-clad young man, and resting his hand on the back of her chair, "don't think for one instant that I fail to understand what made you think of this wild plan; I do not, in truth. I know it was your love for me; and, Althea, I'm grateful to you with all my heart for the thought. But it's wholly out of the question that you should carry it into practice. You must see that, in your heart."

He paused, and she wheeled round in her chair towards him.

"But I do not see that. I wholly refuse to allow that it is so. If——" she hesitated and broke off, and all at once, for a moment, that suppressed shamefacedness asserted itself, and the gray eyes suddenly fell to the floor. It was but for a moment, though. Before the pause had lasted more than a second, they were raised, and it had gone into the background again. "If——" she began, in an oddly uncertain tone. And then she broke off again. "You know as well as I do that it was the only thing to be done," she added, and the defiance in her tone was somehow not addressed to Dr. Meredith alone, but to herself also. "You know that the people here would never have accepted, or believed in, a woman doctor as such, even if it had been possible, which it was not, naturally, for me to come here and stay in—in my own person. If that's all, Jim, it is nothing; it's an affair of mine and not of yours, and entirely my private concern. Nothing more." She had spoken rapidly and hotly, and now she stopped abruptly. She paused a moment, and the corners of her spirited mouth relaxed a little. "And consider now," she went on, "how excellently I have begun. Consider what flying colors I came off with just now. The people who were frightening my little choking boy into fits took as kindly to your new assistant as if he had been friends with them all his life."

The recollection brought back to Althea's eyes the dancing, saucy light.

"There's my name, too, Jim?" she added gleefully. "Dr. Godfrey! It's as true as true!"

A feeling of keen delight in the success of the past hour, and also the success which she believed herself to be just attaining with Dr. Meredith now, was developing the mischievous enjoyment into excited triumph.

But, precisely as her eyes brightened, Dr. Meredith's darkened. The gentle, softened air which had first come to him when he moved towards her had lasted until now. He had been evidently waiting, prepared to expostulate again, gently and forbearingly as before.

But as he saw the excitement in her manner, all trace of gentleness and forbearance vanished from him. He took his hand from her chair, and moved abruptly away, a frown settling down into deep lines on his brow.

"It is not your private concern!" he said sharply. "It is mine also! You cannot suppose that it is anything but extremely painful to me—you don't for a moment imagine that I shall allow——"

Althea interrupted him. A sudden wave of hot color had swept over her face, and her eyes were sparkling.

"Your permission is not asked, you see." The crisp impulsiveness of her voice seemed to suggest something behind of a highly inflammable nature. "And there's no occasion for you to give yourself any pain on my account, I assure you."

The hostility which had developed so suddenly in her tone—so suddenly indeed that it might have suggested, if Dr. Meredith's mental condition had not been far beyond the reach of suggestions, a sense of weakness within—acted upon his sorely perturbed mind much as a sudden draught of air acts upon a smouldering fire.

"That may be your opinion," he said hotly. "I'm sorry I can't agree with you! I don't want to put into words what I feel on the subject, because it wouldn't be pleasant to either of us. But that you should so far forget yourself——"

But again he was interrupted. That inflammable something within the grey-waistcoated breast which was heaving excitedly, now burst into open flame of the fiercest and hottest description. And Althea had sprung to her feet, with her head thrown back and her eyes flashing.

"Forgetting myself!" she cried. From the exceeding indignation of her voice it would have seemed that Dr. Meredith stood to answer, not only for his own speech, but as the personification of something that could not be too violently repulsed. "How dare you say such a thing as that, Jim? It is you who are forgetting yourself, I think!"

"Which only shows that you don't know what you are saying, as I hope to Heaven you don't know what you're doing!" he retorted hotly, the fire of his feeling burning hotter, as it seemed, by contact with hers. "Now, look here, Althea, we'll have no more words about it. There's a train back to town from Fern Morton in about an hour's time, and you'll go back in it. And I hope, with all my soul, that by this time to morrow you will be as sorry as I am that you were such a—such a——" Dr. Meredith here became inarticulate, though by no means less vehement.

It is comparatively easy for a man—even for a man in Dr. Meredith's turbulent frame of mind—to issue commands, but their fulfilment is another matter.

Althea stood facing him for a moment, the color coming and going in her face in great burning rushes, her eyes dilated and luminous, her features quivering.

Then, with a fiercely feminine gesture which sat most quaintly upon the slender masculine-looking figure, a sudden passion of defiance flamed up in her eyes, and she stamped her foot.

"I won't go!" she said. "I won't, I won't, Jim! And you can't make me!"

They stood confronting one another, Dr. Meredith with a kind of dazed, incredulous realization of the undeniable truth of her last words struggling in his expression with his fiery indignation; his assistant crimson from brow to chin, her fierce, defiant eyes full of tears, immovable determination trembling in every line of her face, her fingers tearing desperately at a pocket-handkerchief that resembled a small sheet. And at this auspicious moment at the door of the room there came a tap, a low, persistent, confidential tap that Dr. Meredith knew too well.

"If you please, sir, if you please."

It was Mrs. French's voice, and its tone was urgent. An expression of despair mingled with the other expressions already contending for pre-eminence on Dr. Meredith's face, and he called out incoherently and hopelessly:

"All right, Mrs. French. By-and-by Say I'm coming."

But Mrs. French was not to be thus disposed of.

"Yes, sir," she said. "But there's somebody come for you very particular—from two places, please sir. And they say they're dying, sir!"

Mechanically, like a man moving in a nightmare, Dr. Meredith strode across the room to the door. His assistant, her face still alight with passionate feeling, had, turned her head sharply on the woman's last words, and she stood now, her hand clenched on the back of a chair, listening intently.

Dr. Meredith unlocked the door, and opened it perhaps a quarter of an inch.

"Who is it?" he said roughly. "What is it?"

"It's from Mr. Marlitt's lodge. Saunders has took a turn for the worse, sir. And would you go at once, please. And there's a groom from Orchard Court, sir, come just at the same minute. Little Miss Alice Mainwaring has fallen into the fire and burnt herself awful. And will you go there this minute, sir, too, please."

Dr. Meredith's endurance touched its limits. He took refuge in insane and helpless irony.

"To both of them at once!" he said. "Yes, Mrs. French, of course I will. How could you suppose I should hesitate for a moment? It's absolutely impossible that I should leave Mary Combe this evening, but of course, one place more or less is of no consequence under the circumstances. Don't let any one be at all uneasy."

A conviction entered Mrs. French's mind at that moment, never afterwards to be completely uprooted, that hard work had told upon Dr. Meredith at last, and he was temporarily unaccountable for his speech. She was staring at the crack of the door with a face of horrified bewilderment, when the door was suddenly and coolly opened from behind him, and the gray-clad figure of the new assistant came to her relief.

"I'd better take the fresh case, of course!" the young man observed calmly to Dr. Meredith. "Where's the messenger, my good woman? He's brought a trap of some kind, I suppose?"

And with one glance at Dr. Meredith, a glance which hurled at him defiance, determination, and triumph, that gentleman's assistant strode out of the room with a swinging step, and disappeared.

"Shall I tell the boy from Marlitt's as you're coming, sir?"

With an expletive before the force and directness of which Mrs. French retreated to the other side of the passage, Dr. Meredith broke into a discordant laugh.

"Oh yes, I suppose so!" he said recklessly. "Things have arranged themselves, you see, Mrs. French. Tell him I'm coming."

CHAPTER V.

IT was half-past ten on Sunday morning; a lovely, brilliant April morning.

The four cracked old bells of Mary Combe church were chiming, and producing thereby a sound which was even more discordantly quavering than their week-day efforts in connection with the clock. But Mary Combe was used to the sound and respected it, with a respect that the newest bell metal of the newest bell-founders could never have gained. There were lengthy traditions afloat in the place anent the age and dignity of the church bells, and a proposal made by Mr. Howard to renew them had met with unconcealed disfavor.

The people of Mary Combe were obeying the voice they respected and only preparing themselves to go to church. For though, as has been said, a calm indifference to sermons was one of the characteristics of Mary Combe, another was the somewhat inconsistent conviction which dwelt in the minds of a large section of that community, that it was a duty to go and "sit under" them with weekly deference. A few individuals, who had a leaning towards slow progression, and much conversation on the way, were already wending their way in groups of twos and threes, which now and then, in the pursuit of a common interest, amalgamated with each other.

In the midst of them, threading his way through them with a quick tread that was in odd contrast to their more contemplative gait, walked Dr. Meredith. That he was not going to church, his dress, which was his everyday suit of brown, testified to the eyes which scanned him as he passed. In Mary Combe as in wider spheres, a black coat and and a high hat were, if your rank in life permitted you to purchase these articles, absolutely necessary to appear at church in. Even Mr. Sharpe, the somewhat struggling owner of Mary Combe's one shop, managed to produce these credentials. It was also well known and understood that Dr. Meredith was very nearly as busy on Sundays as on other days; therefore he was scarcely ever expected by his fellow parishioners to join them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE secret of true blessedness is character, not condition; your happiness consists not in where you are, but in what you are.

THE LAST VIOLET.

BY A. H. B.

The fallow lands are brown and bare,
The sere leaves eddy in the air;
The plover, with a fitful cry,
Whirls round in circles to the sky.

The dull clouds lower, big with rain;
For one small flower I search in vain;
Yet stay! I note 'neath yon old yew,
On churchyard mound, an eye of blue;

A floweret bathed in tear-dew wet,
One last sweet autumn violet;
She gives a sigh to bright days past,
Then bows her head, and meets the blast.

Thus at Life's close, should all seem drear,
Some comfort is for ever near,
To teach us resignation. Then
We die; nor seek reward of men.

A Risky Revenge.

BY A. BERESFORD.

IT WAS in the year 188—. The Carnival was drawing to its close, and Turin was amusing itself in its usual way—dancing here, playgoing there; singing, shouting, supping, laughing, love-making, buying and selling everywhere; brawling and squabbling one moment, and embracing the next.

More or less, the entire population seemed to be drinking freely of the draught of pleasure, knowing by experience that the approaching ashes would be dry enough; and, if you had looked with attentive eyes, you would have learned to class and qualify the different degrees of intoxication indulged in (of course I mean moral intoxication).

Ten days or so yet remained for the unrestrained exercise of toe and tongue before the long and lugubrious Lent would put in her appearance—lank and lean, with forbidding face, and with besom in hand to sweep away all frivolity for a season; and of these ten days everyone seemed intent upon making the most.

At the end of them, many who were able to do so would hurry off to Milan for the Carnevalone and a final draught of pleasure, blessing St. Ambrogio in their hearts for having conferred upon the sister city the privilege of a few extra hours of dissipation. It was a queer boon for a saint to bestow; but I never yet heard anybody abuse him for doing so—on the contrary, I can safely assert its having procured him quite a harvest of blessings.

But to my story.

Let us enter a drawing-room on the first floor of one of the best houses in Via della Lecca.

The apartment is large, well-proportioned, and extensively furnished, and contains certain objects that are usually consigned to another chamber: a case of pistols, a pair of foils, dumb-bells, a riding-whip or two, to say nothing of an enormous mastiff on the hearth-rug and an ape upon the high back of a carved oak chair. An entire table is given up to cigars and their relative belongings.

The grand piano, in ebony and gold, is laden with the scores of operas and other music; there are books in the principal modern languages littered about, or ranged in somewhat untidy rows in the dwarf bookcases. There are pictures on the walls, fluffy rugs upon the carpet, old china on brackets, low sofas and luxuriant chairs, plants in the windows, wealth everywhere. Yet the ensemble would not please one in a hundred, for the walls and furniture are covered in dark green, the former in velvet, the latter in brocade, and the effect of the total is dismal and depressing in the extreme.

No stranger could have declared, if called upon to do so, whether the room was that of a man or a woman. He would have been obliged to say: "If to a man, he must be a poor, effeminate creature; if to a woman, she must be a virago."

George Sand, Princess Metternich, Rosa Bonheur, or Sarah Bernhardt might have indulged in a similar saloon without a word's being said on the matter; but there were neither Bonheurs nor Bernhardts, Metternichs nor Sands at Turin; so it gave rise to much small talk; and many who had never seen it described it as a kind of Bluebeard's chamber, easy enough to enter, but difficult to escape from unscathed.

And there was some slight shade of truth in the latter assertion. Good round sums had passed from the purses of the luckless to the pockets of the lucky within the shelter of those sap-green walls. But in all honesty and honor, be it understood. Stakes usually ran high, it is true, but playing was not compulsory, all were perfectly free to risk or refrain, as best they pleased.

The Breguet clock upon the verde antico chimney-piece is chiming two as a lady visitor enters the room, and throwing off her boa, crosses its entire breadth and ensconces herself in one of the comfortable chairs opposite the fire. She is evidently an habituee of the place, for Tom, the mastiff, gives her a sleepy welcome—a glance with motionless head and a wag with mutilated tail—after which, like Dr. Watts' sluggard, though without "turning," he peacefully "slumbers again."

The ape's reception was less amiable. He chattered and grinned from his perch, running along it from left to right and right to left, as if uncertain, from previous experience, what to expect—a cuff or a caress—and desirous of showing himself prepared for one or the other. Countess Avogadro had administered both on sundry well-remembered occasions.

She was a pretty little woman, plump and pleasing; with a good income and a keen relish for life; and, best of all, a husband who adored her to the extent of never denying her anything. She drove and danced through life to her heart's content; while he, heavy and hulking, followed in her wake as best he could.

The dark portiere is jerked aside and the mistress of the house enters. With a nick of welcome to the Countess, and an exclamation of "what horrible weather!" uttered in a deep voice, she flings herself into the chair opposite her guest.

You then at once catch the reason of her surrounding herself with household gods the color of sodden spinach. Her face is amongst the most ill-favored ever seen. Nothing better than a skull, that has turned brown from being buried in damp earth, can give an adequate idea of it.

She is rich, a widow, childless, healthy, clever, even witty; but ugly with an ugliness that no pen can describe, and that must be seen to be understood.

Her year of mourning past, Madame Duro burst forth in an entirely new line. She had always been a blue stocking—now she appeared to aim at becoming a blackleg. She played, shot, hunted, fenced, boxed, smoked, and even dressed in male attire at times. It was whispered that she had challenged an officer, and would actually have fought, had he not, with a hearty laugh, declined the duel. In fact, she showed herself a perfect riddle, a second edition of Count Eton—a something, in a word, that everybody laughed at, and whose dinners everyone was glad and ready to eat.

"Well, Lulu, and what's the news?" asked Madame Duro, after she had lit a cigarette, crossed her legs comfortably, and settled herself to her liking.

"Little or nothing, that I know of. Why were you not at Countess Rinaldi's last night?"

"I couldn't go. I went to see the fencing match, and brought a tribe here to supper afterwards."

"Well, it was a pity you did not come. Her brother was there, you know."

"What, the diplomat? Well, I am sorry I missed him. He has traveled so much; and they say that he is very agreeable."

"As agreeable as handsome. But you have seen him yourself?"

"Yes; we met at Baroness Brizzi's, but were not introduced."

"You are sure to meet him again. I heard him say he was going to the Veglione on Tuesday."

"All right. And how is the Rinaldi?"

"Lively and spiteful as ever. I never heard such a tongue."

"Of course not. Two such would be quite too much for the town. And whom did she flay?"

"All her friends who were absent."

"Me amongst the number, then?"

"Of course. But not very severely."

"What did she say?"

"Oh, only that you were not half so clever and witty as you wished to appear."

"Spiteful cat! I'll pay her out, though. I believe she carries her hump full of malice, ready to produce on occasion."

"I daresay she does. If you had heard her go on about Letizia Gamba!"

"And why? What has the poor girl done to her?"

"Nothing—only people say she would be a good match for her brother."

"So she would. And then?"

"The Countess doesn't want him to marry anybody; for if she can keep him single, his money will go to her children."

"Yes; I see. Had you any music?"

"A little. The Countess sang."

"That's all she can do, sing and slander. Her voice is certainly splendid. Were she not hump-backed, she could go on the stage to-morrow."

"Apropos. What have you decided upon for Tuesday night?"

"A domino, I think."

"So have I. One can enjoy oneself so much more. And I am going to dance—oh, for hours."

"Miles, you mean."

"Yes, if you like. And so is Avogadro. And we are going to have such a galop together. Big as he is, there isn't a man in Turin can dance like him."

A vision of a gambolling elephant rose to Madame Duro's mental eye. But she said nothing. She knew how infatuated—the word is the world's, not mine—her friend was with her husband, and she laughed at her for being so, even while confessing to herself that it must be all very pleasant.

The image of another rose and drove out the remembrance of the Count's uncouth attractions—that of Countess Rinaldi's brother. Her discolored face flushed. It might have been the fire; it might also have been anger at the Countess having tried to diminish her merit in the eyes of the only man in all Turin whom she cared to please, and whom she had secretly determined to try and conquer. It was a bold ambition, but Madame Duro was also a bold woman, and whatever might have been the cause of that flush, she was forced to turn her attention to other things; for visitors made their appearance, and soon a Babel of tongues usurped the somewhat oppressive quietude of that much-maligned and dismal drawing-room.

* * * * * *

The Veglione at the Scribe Theatre was at its height. In the boxes were seated all the elegance of the town; in the pit, which had been boarded over level with the stage, a turbulent crowd whirled and waltzed, undulated and flowed—a tide of gaiety and excitement—a very kaleidoscope of color. A garden of tulips suddenly endowed with life and sentiment; motion mingled with something very like a touch of madness.

Banners and draperies hung round the house; they quivered in the heated air upon which a hundred odors floated. A flood of light from above illumined the gay scene. It fell full upon tinsel and tawdriness: upon velvet and silk; upon paste diamonds and dominos; upon kings and queens, courtiers and pages; sailors and shepherds; sweeps and harlequins; cooks and clowns; upon every sort of garment and personage one could desire or devise—the uniform of the soldier and the robe of the priest excepted.

In one of the Court boxes sat a party of ladies and gentlemen—mere spectators, and clad in ordinary evening dress. Countess Rinaldi was its hostess for the night, and the visits paid her had already been numberless. Society runs after those it fears quite as much as after those it loves. Perhaps even more.

"There is your brother, at last," said a lady to the Countess; "standing just under No. 5."

The Countess adjusted her glasses; then said:

"Yes, it is Alfonso. He told us he should be late. I suppose he'll honor me with a visit when he gets tired of being elbowed by the mob yonder. I cannot—— Ah, bon soir, Monsieur le Baron; je suis charmee de vous voir," pursued Madame Rinaldi, breaking suddenly off and gliding into French to welcome the attache who just entered the box, and who spoke neither Italian nor Piedmontese.

"Why are you so late?"

"I come from Madame de Castellengo's. She has been good enough to sing to me. What a voice is hers!"

"Not more beautiful than that of the Comtesse Rinaldi," put in an elderly gentleman who was fearfully afraid of the lady's tongue and never let slip an occasion of propitiating it.

"Oui, c'est bien vrai," rejoined Madame Duro, rising to retire. "Et puis, ou trouverez vous un dos (do) comme celui de la Comtesse! Il est unique, tout a fait unique."

Then, with a would-be-innocent smile and a nod of adieu, she slipped out of the box, leaving the Countess mute with rage and purple with repression. Madame Duro's Parthian shaft was clever as it was cruel; to notice would be to acknowledge; so her ladyship was forced to suffer in impotent silence and note with inward ire that the double entendre had been fully appreciated by her guests of the moment.

Meanwhile, Madame Duro, instead of descending to her loge, which was on the first tier and which was filled with friends, sped along the deserted corridor, up a flight of stairs, and then on to a remote upper box which she had taken the precaution to secure.

Her heart was light as her step—her wicked sally had been successful; and, till then, all her little plans had prospered. She reached the little dingy den without having met more than a few stragglers, none of whom had recognized her; she entered it a dark domino, to emerge from it, a few minutes later, as charming a vivandiere as any could wish to see. This implies that she was closely masked.

It was a cruel trick of Fate to have united so plain a face to so faultless a figure. Her hands and feet were perfect, and the dress she had chosen displayed every curve of her form to the best advantage.

Throwing aside the brusque air and man-like motion she generally displayed as a sort of token of defiance to the world, and a challenge to criticism, she tripped lightly down the stairs and, a few minutes later, entered the pit.

The revel was at its height, and the whole scene a fair suggestion of Pandemonium. An unceasing roar; an endless rush; a close atmosphere, a light rendered lurid by the dust floating overhead; such was what she encountered; and it was some little time before she could discover and approach the person she had come to seek. She found him at last, however, and managed, after a little manoeuvring, to secure a position in which he could not fail to notice her.

The Marquis Garofalo was not a bit like his hump-backed sister, Countess Rinaldi. He was tall and well built, with a thoughtful face and somewhat dreamy eyes—a man such as any woman might be eager to win, and any wife proud to wear.

It was not very long before he managed to make his way to where the vivandiere was standing, and addressed her with one of the stereotyped phrases in use on similar occasions. She replied in a voice that was evidently disguised but, at the same time, pleasing. Quite different to the inane, parrotty scream so common to masked balls; as also were her words to the imbecile rubbish generally uttered thereat. The Marquis at once felt that he had come across no common personage, and a very short study of her beautifully-formed hands and fairy feet confirmed him in his conviction.

A conversation ensued in which the lady contrived to exhibit, and all without any manifest intention of display, a wit tempered by delicacy, a knowledge of the world and its ways, and a sound judgment, such as aroused no slight curiosity and admiration in her companion.

They made a tour of the scene, arm-in-arm. The vivandiere seemed to know everybody and to be recognized by none.

"Who can she be?" thought the Marquis. "She evidently belongs to Turin; yet she is quite unlike anyone I ever met before."

Finally they sat down upon a bench and passed in review the occupants of the boxes. His admiration and wonder increased at every sally. Apropos of one she quoted "Hamlet" in the original; apropos of another "Les Precieuses Ridicules;" Goethe of a third. She seemed to speak all languages well, and not only to have read much, but also to have profited by and retained what she had read. The Marquis, a somewhat serious man in the main, was out of himself at last with pleasure and suprise.

One thing alone worried and vexed him: her decided refusal to unmask. No entreaty could move her.

"Not even for a moment?" he pleaded.

"Not even for a moment. At some future time—but I cannot tell either when or where—you shall see my face, and——"

"It cannot fail to be a charming one. With such a figure, such a mind! Ah, you cannot be other than beautiful."

"Don't be too sure."

"Now you are jesting. But have pity; tell me, at least, where we are to meet."

"There is still a Veglione at the Reglo, and two or three masked balls—we shall meet at one or the other."

"But at which?"

"Who knows?"

"You promise me, at least?"

"I promise you."

"And you will unmask?"

"Yes."

"And by what token am I to recognize you?"

The vivandiere broke into a hearty laugh. Then:

"There! Convicted by your own words of false compliments. If I am so superior in form to the rest of my sex, as you have been trying for the last hour to persuade

me, how can you have any difficulty in recognizing me? Ah, Marquis, I have caught you at last!"

"Not at all. For Venus herself could pass unnoticed under a domino, and if you were to wear one——"

"Just what I intend to. Well, never mind, I will make myself known to you."

"And till then?"

"You will eat and drink and sleep as usual, I suppose."

"Well; I am not very sure of that."

"Shall you be thinking too much of Letizia Gamba?"

"Of Letizia Gamba? No, indeed. She is a good, nice girl; but I require something more than that."

"Money, perhaps. But Letizia has that."

"I don't care a straw for money—I have plenty of my own."

"Beauty then?"

Her voice trembled slightly as she put the question. The Marquis hesitated. Then, after a moment's pause: "Well, no man is indifferent to beauty, whatever he may say to the contrary. But I will admit that there are other possessions which, in a wife, fully make up for the want of beauty. A man of sense chooses his better half for her moral qualities. He who chooses his for her face alone must be a fool."

An increasing uproar and a terrific swaying to and fro of the crowd put a stop to all further conversation. The final, frantic gallopade had begun. They rose from their bench.

Like a leaf by the surge, the vivandiere was swept from his side, and the Marquis found himself alone.

* * * * * *

The Marquis Garofalo passed a long and most wearisome night at a private masked ball in the hope of meeting the vivandiere who, at the Scribe, had made such an impression upon him. But all in vain. No vivandiere was there; nor anyone, indeed, whom he could identify with the lady of his longing.

He went home, if not in despair, at least in a most melancholy mood. But there a consolation, as supreme as unexpected, awaited him. A letter of over three pages, smelling faintly of attar of roses, charmingly expressed, and written in a bold, clear hand that was rather masculine than otherwise in its character. It was signed "Vivandiere."

Weariness and vexation spread their wings and fled. He flung himself into an arm-chair before the fire; dismissed his wondering valet, and read and re-read the welcome epistle.

It was as charming as the lady's conversation had been; witty at times, sensible ever; yet not in the least premeditated or book-like.

"She is one in a thousand!" exclaimed the Marquis, laying down the letter upon the little table beside him and lighting a cigar.

"She is one in a million!" he ejaculated, upon coming to the end of a third perusal.

Then he set to work to count the hours that must elapse before the Veglione at the Royal Theatre should take place—to which Veglione, she wrote him, she should go; adding that he would find her in Box No. 15, on the second tier.

The Marquis was in the seventh heaven, and on going to bed, slipped the letter under his pillow. His last thought before falling off to sleep was the determination to go to the box-office as soon as he had breakfasted. And so he did. But he might have saved himself the trouble, for he was unable to learn anything. The box had been taken and paid for by a servant in plain livery. Had it been the matter of a regular subscription the name would have been asked and registered—but for a single night no such formality as booking was practised.

As he came downstairs he cursed the impresario for an imbecile and the bookkeeper for a buffoon.

And, having relieved himself thus rationally, he returned home to cajole time as best he might.

The Marquis's standing was such as permitted of his being unfashionable when it so pleased him; owing to which, eleven o'clock found him already in the house, looking up anxiously at No. 15.

Nothing but the closely-drawn curtains rewarded his diligence.

Well, he thought, he was on the spot, at any rate, and that was better—infinitely better—than being at home and watching the hateful hands of the clock. So he took a turn in the house, peeped into the foyer, and then returned to take another look at the—for the present—haven of his hopes.

The boxes were slowly filling, but No. 15 was as yet in statu quo.

A wild impulse of mounting to try the door assailed him; but good sense came to the rescue and he remained where he was.

Slowly the minutes dragged on. All Turin seemed to be flocking in—to the boxes above and the pit below. All, save the person whom alone he had come to meet.

He, usually so calm and dignified, was growing agitated and irritable to a degree such as to render a strong effort over himself needful to reply with equanimity to the numerous greetings he encountered.

"What the deuce is the matter with Garofalo this evening?" asked a young officer of his companion. "He looks and speaks like a savage."

"Been losing at play, I guess. I heard they staked high at the club last night."

"Well, I daresay it was that. I hope for his friends' sake he doesn't lose often."

And away they strolled, arm-in-arm. They were of those who looked upon the loss of Louis d'ors as the only one authorizing loss of temper.

At last the happy moment arrives. The crimson silk curtains flutter faintly—they are drawn aside by a firm hand, and then, oh bliss! a lady in a dark green domino and black velvet mask appears. She gazes leisurely round the house, one faultlessly-formed hand resting upon the edge of the box; surveys the now rapidly filling pit, then seats herself somewhat in the background and out of the immediate glare of the light.

Garofalo allows her ten minutes respite, and then mounts to the assault.

"She promised she would unmask," he repeated to himself. "I shall see her at last!"

He reached the door, paused for a second, then knocked gently.

"Avanti," replied a voice that caused his heart—diplomat though he was—to bound in his bosom.

He opened the door and entered.

There sat his dream of the last few days. She extended her hand to him, and bade him take the fauteuil opposite. She was evidently glad to see him, and he fancied he divined a smile behind that hateful mask.

'She promised to take it off," he thought again, "and then——"

"You received my letter, I see."

"Yes—and allow me to thank you a thousand times for it. You cannot guess what a relief it was. I had made sure of meeting you at the Duchess'."

"And you did not think me very bold?"

"Bold? Why should I? On the contrary, I thought you very kind."

"You deem boldness and kindness incompatible then?"

"Not always. Generally speaking, yes."

"Well, exceptionally, then. Let us look for a case. That of the surgeon, for instance, who cuts in order to cure?"

"Yes. But I have always pitied the surgeon too—for you may be sure he also suffers at the pain he inflicts."

The lady sighed slightly. Then added: "And yet he has the courage to inflict it."

"Do you not admire him?"

"I do more—I envy him."

"You envy him? And why?"

"I am going to play his part."

"His part? When? How?"

"To-night. Before you leave this box."

"Then the patient must be——"

"Il Marchese Alfonso Garofalo."

"I accept—accept willingly. Nothing you can do, one thing excepted, can torture me; and I am here to-night to conjure you not to do it."

"And that is——?"

"To deprive me of your presence."

The lady did not reply at once. She seemed to be trying to master some emotion or other. But whether of anger, or what, the Marquis could not discover.

"Perhaps you will not give me the chance?"

"How so? What do you mean?"

"Perhaps it is you who will deprive me of your presence."

"Impossible! I swear to you——"

"Hush. Don't swear anything. Not yet, at least. Just suppose that I was not the beauty you have seen fit to take for granted that I am—what then?"

"Had you asked me the question at our former meeting I should have hesitated to reply, perhaps. Reflection, your letter, my better self, my heart have taught me otherwise. I can answer without hesitation, and like an honest man. I am so thoroughly convinced of your other good qualities that, even if beauty is not one of your gifts, I shall, if you allow it, place myself and my fortune at your disposal."

"Marquis, Marquis, you are either very generous or very——" she hesitated.

"Silly you would say. I know the world would say so—but I did not expect the word from you."

"It was your own—not mine. Be sure that I would rather think of you as generous."

"Do so, then, and imitate the example——"

He took one of her hands in his, and raised the other as if to remove the mask.

She drew back, but did not withdraw the hand he was holding.

"Wait a moment. I will keep my promise. I came here to do so."

He drew his chair an inch or two nearer and waited. Anxiety, suffering, hope alternately played upon his countenance.

There was a pause, and, for the first time during the interview, the lady appeared embarrassed.

"So that, however ugly I may be—your opinion of me would not change?"

"No, I tell you. Anyone can see and hear that you are a lady to your fingers' ends. I can affirm that you are as superior in mind to all the rest of our great ladies as the sun is to the stars. I only wonder and regret that we have never met before. I wish to Heaven we had met before. No woman who was not virtuous and good could speak and write as you do. No, I repeat, that if you were as ugly as——" he stopped to seek for a smile—then, in a quicker voice and a triumphant tone, added: "as ugly as Madame Duro herself, it would make no change in me."

The lady rose slowly, stepped into the full glare of the lamps, and then suddenly removed her mask.

Madame Duro stood before him!

* * * * * *

Long, lugubrious Lent had at last come to an end. Frying pans were enjoying a respite; so were the fishes. The town reeked somewhat less of oil. Butchers were rejoicing.

So also were the birds, for they could once more sing in the budding blackthorn, beneath which the primroses clustered and the violets crept forth, called back to light and life by the smiles of the sky and the warmth of the sun.

Our ci-devant Madame Duro, too, rejoiced; she had had her revenge upon the world at large, and upon Countess Rinaldi in particular. For she had married the Marquis—or, I suppose I should say, the Marquis had married her. It is more polite, but, in compensation, less correct. The Archbishop himself performed the ceremony in his private chapel, in presence of a select few only. Madame Avogadro and her burly husband were among the number. Countess Rinaldi had utterly declined to be present. No one was known to mourn over her decision.

And in the actual Marchioness Garofalo you would with difficulty recognize the Madame Duro of former days. She no longer flings the gauntlet into the face of the world by aping the man and studying how best to unsex herself.

Despite all her endeavors, she had remained a woman at heart; and she proved it by adoring her husband and by making herself sincerely loved by him in return. She couldn't change her face, of course—and I am not very sure that the Marquis would have wished her to do so, even had it been possible. Love had changed all the rest and that was quite sufficient. Yes; her revenge was a very sweet one, though she and her husband fully agreed as to its having been terribly "risky."

THE PLAKAT.—So aggressive is the plakat, a little fish from Siam, that the entertainment it affords has become a national pastime but not a very creditable one, to say the least. The fishes are trained to go through regular battles, and are reared artificially for the purpose, while the license to exhibit them to the general public is farmed out and brings a large amount of money into the royal coffers. They are kept in aquariums built for the purpose and fed upon the larvæ of mosquitoes, and every possible care taken of them.

When the fish is in a quiet state, with the fins at rest, the dull colors are not at all remarkable. But if the two are brought together or within sight of each other, or even if one sees its own image in a looking-glass, the little creature becomes suddenly excited. The fins are raised, and the whole body shines with metallic lustre and colors of dazzling beauty, while the protruding gill membrane, waving like a black frill round the throat, makes grotesque the general appearance.

In this state of irritation it makes repeated darts at its real or reflected antagonist. If now two are placed together in a tank they rush at each other with the utmost fury.

The battle is kept on until one is killed or put to flight, but not until they are entirely separated does the victor shut his gaudy fins, that like flags of war are never lowered until peace has been declared.

Scientific and Useful.

PAPIER MACHE.—Papier mache is a new material used in constructing bicycles, and it seems they stand the wear and tear of heavy road work very well.

LINEN.—Linen can be marked by electricity. The fabric is dampened with water containing common salt in solution, and a current is passed for about two seconds from a silver die, carrying silver into the fabric wherever the die touches.

YAWNING.—"Not only is it very healthy to yawn," says a French physician, "but artificial yawning should be resorted to in cases of sore throat, buzzing of the ears, catarrh and like troubles." It is said to be as efficacious in its way as gargling the throat, with which process it should be combined.

IN STORMS.—During a thunder storm, it is pointed out, the inhabitants of houses should not remain in the kitchen or other room where a fire is burning in the grate, as the heated gases from the chimney top provide a line of least resistance, and this is so whether the house be provided with lightning rods or not.

AN ELECTRIC FLAG.—It is stated that an electric novelty in the shape of a standard intended for night use has just been delivered from the Kiel dockyard to the German imperial yacht Hohenzollern. The flag is four meters square, and the design is traced in colored electric lamps, which are lighted by a wire from the deck. An experimental illumination proved very successful, and gave the utmost satisfaction to the spectators.

FIRE PAILS.—The fire pails of a large New England factory are all placed on hooks which work on steel springs. The hook is strong enough to lift the pail when nearly empty, but a pail full forcibly depresses it, a metal point being so placed that when the spring in closing presses the point it closes a battery circuit and rings a bell in the superintendent's office. He is thus constantly advised if the water in the buckets has evaporated, or if the pails have been removed from their places.

Farm and Garden.

HOGS.—Hogs should not be allowed to run at large in the vicinity of railways over which swine are transported. Infected hogs are frequently shipped to market, and there are sufficient droppings from the car to scatter contagion along the whole route.

STRAINING.—At a dairy in Berlin, famous for the purity of its milk, the milk is strained through a wire sieve with a cloth, on which rests a deep layer of fine sand. Before the sieve in again used the sand is put in a hot oven to destroy any possible germs.

THE HORSE.—A horse is more valuable when he is eight or ten years of age and has learned to be a good horse with good sense; then the next ten years of his life he is a pleasure and a benefit. It is probable that as we get to raising better horses we will take better care of them, and get out of them all they are worth.

ORCHARDS.—An orchard started with one year old trees will often overtake one set out from more mature growths. This is especially true of peach trees. If they but have a good equipment of roots, they will grow while the older ones are recovering from the effects of transplanting. Let there be not too much head, and attend to the trimming constantly.

THE COWS.—The cows on a farm form an indispensable source of success, and in proportion to their qualities and the way they are treated and managed depends the degree of that success. Aside from direct products, they are of permanent value as consumers of roughage of the farm to be manufactured into beef or to be converted into the best of fertilizers.

CATTLE.—It will not pay to pasture cattle on small farms, where the utmost must be made from each acre. To use five acres for the purpose for which one will suffice is to lose the product of four. The soiling system will eventually change the present methods, and the preservation of green foods in the silo is the first step in that direction. In the future there will be no pasturing of cattle.

SOONER OR LATER a neglected Cold will develop a constant cough, shortness of breath, failing strength, and wasting of flesh, all symptomatic of some serious Lung affection, which may be avoided or palliated by using in time Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant.

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Of Life-Strength.

There is a power of living which may be called life-strength. It is the force that holds the being together in spite of the shocks and strainings to which the human craft is subjected is the tumultuous heaving of circumstances and the storm of existence. Those who possess this power in its fulness and are strong in life live easily, while others in whom the life-strength is weak are themselves weakly and ever exposed to the risks of wear and tear, and the oft-recurring danger of being dashed to pieces by some exceptional vicissitude.

The production and accumulation of this life-strength depend very much on ourselves. Not that it is necessary that the work of building up a reserve of strength should be carried on consciously. Like most natural functions, it may be—and as a matter of fact is best—performed without the knowledge of the mind; but it may be accomplished as an act of volition; and that is why we have chosen it as the subject for a little friendly counsel.

Everybody ought to have a large stock of life-strength. The sick and those who are frequently ailing or who suffer from exhausting diseases stand in especial need of this strength. Upon it depend the happiness and, in large measure, the duration of life.

The strength of life is derivable from one of several different sources. Some live by mind-force, some by nerve-force, others by muscular strength, and there are those who seem to live almost exclusively by their purely animal powers of digestion and assimilation. Science has very nearly completed the proof that, notwithstanding its various forms and manifestations, the life which pervades organic nature is one—that the life of the plant is the same in kind as that of the animal, even consciousness being included!

There can be little, if any, doubt that the vegetable kingdom has mind of the same essence, though less in degree of development, as that of the animal. It is therefore possible to speak of the grades or orders of life as composing a successive series of stages rising from the lowest conceivable spark of vitality to the full blaze of intellectual genius. The life energizes the whole compound being, and is the same whether it expresses itself in a simple force of growth by nutrition, in virtue of which some tissue of the body extends or is replaced—as the yeast-plant is seen to grow under the microscope—or whether it expresses itself in the living thought of the poet or the statesman evolved by the change of place or form, or some as yet unexplained action, of brain-cells or molecules.

The identity of the life of body and mind is the first lesson of the advanced physiologist; and, in the light which that knowledge sheds on the subject of life in action, it is no longer difficult to understand how it comes to pass that, whereas life is in all cases and under all conditions the same, it is infused through divers channels.

The problem of individual life, when the task of living becomes difficult, is to discover in what particular direction the source of vital power most readily accessible lies, and to take especial care that the supply of life-strength through that channel is adequate to the needs of the whole body. If a habit of living by one form of vitality is established—as generally happens—it is not easy to change that habit; and, if anything hamper the accustomed supply, or obstruct the channel through which it is wont to flow, the stream of vitality may be interrupted or cut off altogether, and existence cease.

Nerve-force is something different from mind-force, though the two forms of life-strength are closely associated. A man may be "nervous"—using that word in its true grammatical sense as meaning full of nerve-force—without being "intellectual." He may be quickly appreciative of his surroundings, sensitive to impressions, and responsive to stimuli. He may have keen and vigorous senses, and the skill and power which give excellence in feats of address, precision, and ingenuity, and yet exhibit no special aptitude for exercises of the mind, properly so called. A being of this type not uncommonly lives by or through the energy of his favorite pursuits, those in which he delights and excels. Cut him off from these sources of energy, and he will languish.

It is absolutely indispensable to the integrity of the "man of nerve" that he should enjoy full and frequent opportunities of exercising his nervous powers, and thereby increasing them, drawing life-strength through his accustomed channels. At the same time it should be borne in memory that other sources of supply ought to be cultivated, especially in the early years of life, when the habit of living is not as yet confirmed and unalterable.

Muscular force stands next in order as we descend the scale, and the like rules apply to its exercise. The man of muscle must be active, or his life will not merely cease to be worth living, but become impracticable. Take an "active man" out of the sphere of activity and he will quickly lose heart and health, and finally begin to droop in idleness—not actual idleness, but a state of being which does not call out the energy by which he lives. Quiet is oppressive to him, and the absence of bustle occasions a depression of his vital powers which reduces him to the ebb of death.

Over-carefulness is a mistake; but it is right to take proper measures to ensure the integrity of such habits as we form for ourselves or allow those dependent upon us to contract. There is a great tendency just now to push the competitive striving for excellence too far in one direction, making success in respect of the development of one part of the being the result of failure in some other—a bad bargain.

THERE is one social dishonor about which no one thinks it worth while to say much in reprobation, but which does more harm than any other known to us—we mean the dishonor of repeating conversations, opinions, circumstances, not made under promise of secrecy, but which a high sense of honor would treat as confidential, if haply a high sense of honor were the rule. It is odd that one of the best things a boy learns at school is to eschew tale-bearing and keep faith with his companions, while one of the most common practices of society is to betray the trust contained in talk, and repeat to all what has been told in implied confidence to one. This habit of repeating what we hear is as fatal to the best intercourse of minds as to the finer feelings of integrity.

FIT objects to employ the intervals of life are among the greatest aids to contentment that a man can possess. The lives of many persons are an alternation of the one engrossing pursuit, and a sort of listless apathy. They are either grinding or doing nothing. Now to those who are half their lives fiercely busy, the remaining half is often torpid with quiescence. A man should have some pursuits which may be always in his power, and to which he may turn gladly in his hours of recreation. And if the intellect requires thus to be provided with perpetual objects, what must it be with the affections? Depend upon it, the most fatal idleness is that of the heart; and the man who feels weary of life may be sure he does not love his fellow-creatures as he ought.

WE can encourage by exercise or repress by neglect any faculty we possess. If we make no attempt to imagine any other joys, sorrows, passions, temptations, or circumstances than our own, of course we shall not imagine, much less realize them. But this effort of the will can be largely added to and strengthened by education. The imagination has been called a link between our intellectual and our moral natures. Every mental exercise that calls it into play increases our power of realization.

IT is in vain to think of cultivating principles of generosity and beneficence by mere exhortation and reasoning; nothing but the practical habit of overcoming our own selfishness and of familiarly encountering privations and discomfort on account of others will ever enable us to do it when required. Indulgence infallibly produces selfishness and hardness of heart, and nothing but severe discipline can lay the foundation of a magnanimous character.

"IF the eldest boy starts right," said a good man one day, "the rest are pretty sure to turn out well." There was wisdom in the observation. The eldest boy or girl in the family has very much to with the moulding of the others. If only he or she be gentle-mannered and firm in principle, the younger ones will receive unconscious impressions for good every day.

IT costs but little to make a child glad—it costs but little to secure the grateful remembrance of a child; but, if it cost a hundredfold more than it does, it would be a profitable investment. It pays well to have a monument to ourselves in a child's memory and affections. And this we may have by a little thoughtfulness and attention.

A CHEERFUL temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

THAT adoration which a young man gives to a woman whom he feels to be greater and better than himself is hardly distinguishable, says George Eliot, from religious feeling. What deep and worthy love is so, whether of woman, or child, or art, or music?

A CERTAIN amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm.

A MIND trained to self-denial meets trials with an amount of reserved moral force quite inexplicable to those less habituated to self-control.

GOODNESS of heart is man's best treasure, his brightest honor and noblest acquisition. It is that ray of the Divinity which dignifies humanity.

A PLEASANT jest in time of misfortune is courage to the heart, strength to the arm, and digestion to the stomach.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENT.

MARGUERITE.—**Julia, feminine of Julius**—soft haired; Charlotte, feminine of Charles—manly, noble; Sylvia, feminine of Sylvanus—living in a wood; Laura—a laurel; Helen or Ellen—light; Hugh—mind or soul; Alice is the same as Adeline—of noble birth.

ESSIE.—**Your mother can give you good** advice in this matter. Talk it over with her. You are too young to act for yourself without your parents' advice and assistance. Do not be in any haste to marry. When you are fairly in love you will think differently of marriage.

READER.—**The tunnels of the world are** estimated to number about 1,142, with a total length of 514 miles. There are about 1,000 railroad tunnels, 12 subaqueous tunnels, 90 canal tunnels, and 40 conduit tunnels, with aggregate lengths of about 350 miles, 9 miles, 70 miles, and 85 miles respectively.

L. S. D.—**The largest families in Europe** are to be found in Ireland; the average number of children to a marriage exceeds those of any other country. Russia follows next; then Spain, Italy and Scotland. England is the ninth on the list, and France the fifteenth, and last of all. This calculation is by Professor Mulhall.

CYCLER.—**The word "biscuit" is from** the Latin bis, "twice," and coctus, "cooked." This name has its origin in the military practice of the Romans, whose bread or biscuit was twice prepared in the oven. We still use the word to denote an unfermented bread, formed into flat cakes, and baked in the oven; but we no longer cook it twice, as in the olden days.

ROY.—**The presentation of a wooden-spoon** is designed to intimate that the person receiving it is only fit to remain at home and stir porridge. In former times presentations of three kinds of spoons were made as the prize of merit at Cambridge—to some a gold, and to others, next in order of merit to them, a silver spoon; and the last honor-man in the mathematical tripos received a wooden one.

GREYFRIARS.—**The title of "Post Laureate"** is said to have originated in the reign of Edward IV. The word "laureate" means one decked or invested with laurel. This shrub was sacred to Apollo, and it was consequently used to crown the victor in the Roman games. At a later period academic honors were indicated by a crown of laurel with the fruit. The office of Poet Laureate is bestowed by the sovereign.

OLIVIA STANLEY.—**Jacques de Molay** was the last Grand Master of the Order of the Templars. He was born about 1244, entered the Order in 1295, became Grand Master in 128, was infamously accused of witchcraft and other things, and virulently persecuted by Philip IV. of France, and tried, with many others of the Knights of the Order by the Inquisitors, in 1310, and burnt with his knights, on March 11, 1314.

STANISLAUS.—**The Christmas tree was introduced** from Germany according to some, but it did not originate in that country. Its origin dates from a very much earlier time than its appearance there, and was known in Egypt long anterior to the Christian Era. The palm-tree is known to put forth a branch every month, and a spray of this tree, with twelve shoots on it, was used in Egypt at the time of the winter solstice, as a symbol of the year completed.

C. H. V.—(1) **The first settlers of Virginia** were English, not French. They came from England under the auspices of Elizabeth, the "Virgin queen," hence the name Virginia given by Sir W. Raleigh. (2) You ask which is the nicer name, Robert or Louis? It is hard to tell. Both are of pleasant sound, and both recall interesting historical associations. Robert has more endearing associations of this kind—as Robert Burns, Robert Bruce, both lovable beings, though "Bob" was "wild and wayward."

ANNA B.—**In this time of earthquakes** your query is a natural one. Although in localities where there are hot mineral springs they might be expected, nevertheless we do not appear to be in the line, so to speak, of these disturbances, which seems to run from Etna to Stromboli, and Vesuvius, and passing through Scotland to Hekla. Small earthquakes do not appear to make themselves felt beyond an area of about 500 miles in diameter, and more trifling ones might not be perceptible at a distance of more than from 100 to 150 miles from it. In the case of really great convulsions, the diameters of the circles they affect may measure as much as from 1,000 to 1,200 miles; but such as these are, most happily, very rare.

STUDENT.—**The names of our days of the** week are derived from their respective dedication to the old Saxon gods and goddesses; but the Roman days were naturally named after their own. Sunday was dedicated to Apollo or Sol (which corresponds with ours); Monday, to Diana, the huntress: Tuesday, to Mars, the god of war; Wednesday, to Mercury; Thursday, to Jupiter; Friday, to Venus; Saturday, to Saturn. In most of the Roman monuments the week begins with Saturn. The Saxons, like the Romans, dedicated Tuesday to the god of war, and probably our old rhymes respecting the influences of each day of the week on the persons whose natal day may severally have fallen upon them, have predicated that those born on a Friday would be "loving and giving," evidently under the impression of the old Roman idea, that it was dedicated to Venus, "the goddess of love," and that those born under Saturn, of malignant influence, would have to "work hard for their living"!

TRIOLET.

BY W. W. LONG.

Her lips are red as the roses,
The roses with delicate tips;
Red roses kissed by the breeze,
But I kissed the red of her lips.

The red rose is very sweet,
The bee of its nectar sips;
But I the nectar of love divine,
Take from my lady's lips.

A Lost Chance.

BY S. U. W.

A THOROUGHLY old-fashioned June day; the hot air creeping lazily in through the half-closed "jalousies" of a morning room in a country house, is filling it with a languid warmth and perfume, even though the sun cannot gain entrance.

Outside, the pretty garden is lying bathed in a flood of strong sunshine, and the hazy blue distance and quivering air tell of a still more fervent heat to come by and bye. A thorough June day, and a thoroughly delicious one to those who have leisure to do little more than enjoy it. So seems to be doing a young girl who is reclining in a chair near one of the open windows of the room—merely reclining, it is too hot for voluntary work; but pleasantly enough occupied with her thoughts, judging from the light in her merry blue eyes, and the mischievous smile which plays over her face. Tall, lithe, and graceful, she is posed effectively, because unconsciously.

Her arms, from which the loose sleeves have fallen back, are thrown behind her head, and form a white pillow for her ruffled hair. Her delicate features, clear skin, the small foot which shows beneath her light morning dress, form a perfect combination of girlhood. Nature seems to have given Dua Montgomery more than her natural share of good looks.

Suddenly the door opens, and the girl, who was apparently lost in thought but a moment ago, seems to enter the room. When did she move? Surely our eyes have scarcely left her! but she is even lovelier erect than in repose.

Look again. There is Dua Montgomery still seated as described; this is Una, her twin sister—her double—and, except in one or two points, her complete outward counterpart.

The same height to the fraction of an inch; the same light figure, delicate features, and pose of the small refined head; the same tricks of manner, small feet and hands, and above all the same voice, so that even those who are constantly with them, have to glance to see which speaks. Yet there is a noticeable difference when one looks again, though it is hardly discernible in this partially darkened room. Dua's blue eyes dance with a mirthful twinkle.

Una's dark gray ones glow like Heaven's stars. Dua's are as a fountain when the sun sparkles on the water; Una's like a fathomless lake, deep, intense and profound.

Again Dua's hair is golden; Una's a rich brown, with little tips of ruddy gold gleaming here and there. Dua's cheeks will vie with the petal of the rose; Una's are equally soft and velvety, but her creamy skin is colorless, excepting when she blushes, which is often, and her lips appear more vermilion than her sister's by the contrast.

Dua springs from her chair as her sister enters; neither of the girl's individuality seems complete, unless the other is present.

"How long you've been, Una!" she cries. "All this time examining into that old linen-press and store-cupboard?"

Una shrugs her shoulders good-humoredly.

"'Tis over now," she says, "and I can rest for a few minutes. Aunt Kezia would have all the spare blankets shaken for fear of moths; and they are a weight, I can tell you. We are to be ready to drive with her by twelve."

"What! in this heat And in that close carriage, I suppose! Oh! it is insufferable, Una. I do think she grows more unbearable every day. Why on earth can't the maids shake the blankets? And why are we, women of twenty years old, to be obliged to go out at stated times, whether we wish or no? It is too bad. If father and mother knew it, they would remove us at once, and I shall write again by this mail, and tell them that I can stand it no longer."

Una laughs, and puts her arm around her sister, looking into her face as she does so.

"It's not the close carriage this time, you excitable little goose—the open one—and we are going shopping into Ruddiford, while aunt calls upon Miss Crazitop! Don't write any more complaints home, Dua darling. Mother frets now because she can't better things for us, and wherever we went, there would be something to put up with. Another year, or at least two, will bring them to England, you know, so we needn't worry them for trifles."

"Well, perhaps you're right; after all, we've friends here we should be sorry to lose," and Dua laughs again with a heightened color, "but Aunt Kezia builds too much on being our only relation. I am sick to death of her restrictions and her endless jeremiads."

Una all this time looking fondly and admiringly at Dua, with the devoted gaze of a mother rather than the affection of a sister; she strokes her face, arranges the fluffy hair on her brow, and kisses her softly as she says:

"Well, come and get ready, chick. We must change our dresses to drive into Ruddiford."

Dua's ruffled looks change instantly. Her childish wrath is over, and she is again all mirth and excitement.

"Of course," she responds. "Aunt Kez must have forgotten that the tennis tournament is on to-day. Una, we will wear our new dresses; Captain Airedale may be there, and he likes you in white you know."

Una laughs gaily.

"He ought to like me equally in anything. I expect that Dick Swayne has expressed a liking for white, that is at the bottom of it. But so early in the day, we shall probably meet neither of them."

"No, probably not; we are safe to meet that prosy old Marshall, though! He turns up in the most persistent manner everywhere. Doesn't he bore you, Una?"

"N—no," says Una, "but his manners are strange. I can't make him out, or whether I like him or no. I should think he might be very nice when people know him."

"Oh, you are too charitable to dislike anyone, but I think you do at heart, for you always avoid him, and you are quite red now with the crams you are telling! But oh, Una! I've such a glorious idea! I was thinking it over before you came down, but never thought I could carry it out so soon. You know those wigs we had for the theatricals? Well I'm dying to know whether Mr. Swayne will recognize me in yours. I feel certain he won't; and he promised me six pairs of gloves if I could take him in. He declared that I could never succeed in disguising myself from him. Of course he knows nothing of our wigs. Let us wear them to-day, darling! Yes Una, yes—don't look grave and grumpy. It can never be found out; Aunt is so blind, she cannot possibly detect the difference, and it will be such fun. Do, Una do!"

"No, really, Dua dear," protests Una. "I cannot consent, indeed, indeed" (seeing how vexed her sister looks) "it would not be a nice thing to do."

"Why not?" Dua asks crossly. "What is the difference in wearing them by night or day? What possible harm can there be, Una?"

"I can hardly explain," Una answers, "but I am very sure that it would be thought—well, not good form—risky—or fast perhaps. It was different in theatricals, when it was generally known."

"You are very tiresome, I think," Una grumbles. "Very straight-laced and prim. Of course, if you won't wear the fair wig, it it is useless for me to wear the brown one; but I will contrive a chance yet, to win my gloves, all the same."

"I hope you will, darling," Una answers sweetly. "Come, let us hurry. There is Watson carrying Aunt's impedimenta down stairs."

Watson, Aunt Kezia's housekeeper and factotum is indeed laboring down under the burden of a foot stool, various cushions, rain-cloaks and umbrellas, without which her mistress never drives; her mistress herself, a solemn vision in a rusty, long black cloak, and tunnel of a bonnet preceding her.

* * * * * *

The drive to Ruddiford proves warm enough without the addition of the wig which Dua had so longed to masquerade in. Aunt Kezia has arrived at a time of life when heat is not easily generated in the body, and enjoys the scorching sun, whose rays are screened from her face by her deep bonnet.

She complains—and complaining is one of her strong points—against the inconvenience of Dua's parasol. So that for peace sake the girl has put it down. The high road to Ruddiford is bare and treeless.

Aunt Kezia, together with her cushions, monopolizes the whole of the front seat, the two girls sitting facing her and the dust, which they swallow a considerable amount of, longing earnestly for the time when they can deposit their aunt at her friend's house.

Aunt Kezia, whose full name is Miss Kezia Scatterlove, is called Aunt by courtesy chiefly; she being merely the daughter of their paternal grandmother by a first marriage.

She is therefore considerably older than Major Montgomery; and being of an arbitrary, morose nature, is far from an agreeable guardian for his children. She is, however, conscientious, respectable, and well meaning, and the Montgomerys, hoping each year that the Major's Indian services will soon be at an end, have, even in spite of Dua's complaints, hesitated to seek another home for their twin girls.

During their holidays, and since their education has been finished, they have lived (without loving or being loved) with this rigid Aunt Kezia. She does her duty by them, as she thinks, by a constant suspicion, and sharp looking-out for wrong-doing—and by a general tone of reproof and grumbling, which is meant to train them in the way they should go, according to her lights.

Certainly "The Cottage" as Miss Scatterlove's house is named, is all that is respectable and proper, as far for this Mrs. Montgomery tries to be thankful for; for, if report and their photographs tell truly, Una and Dua need special care.

The names of the twins, more fanciful than grammatical, have been their mother's special choice, and the Major, who cared more to please his wife than for the charge of bad Latin, made no demur to the wish.

Not without many injunctions does Miss Scatterlove leave her nieces.

"John will drive you to Marshall's," she says. "Attend to me, Una, if you please instead of looking at Dua! John, I say will drive you to Marshall's where you can buy the things you require—or which you say you require. If your parents will give you so much pocket money it is their affair I suppose. He will wait for you. John, do you hear? You are to wait at Marshall's till the young ladies have finished their shopping."

"He always does, Aunt," begins Dua.

"Will you allow me to give my directions without interruption if you please me—dear?" beginning again at the beginning. "John you are to wait for the Miss Montgomerys whilst they are at Marshall's; then drive them to Harris' for lunch; and by that time I shall be ready. You must be at Miss Crazitop's by half-past three. It is half past one now. You quite understand, I hope, John."

John, who has been alternately assenting, and touching his hat with the whip at intervals, grunts out yet one more "Yes, mum," and by the help of James the boy, Miss Kezia is safely landed on the ground.

She is a tall, bony, old lady, who feels as if she was made in cast iron, and she grips poor James' young shoulder so savagely in her descent, that he carries a perennial blue bruise there. He is so very young and untrained, that he comforts himself by rubbing the place, and by a grin at Dua who is laughing immoderately behind her Aunt's back.

The girls give a simultaneous sigh of relief as they find themselves alone. They seat themselves comfortably upon the front seat, put up their parasols and begin to enjoy life.

Their visit to Marshall's does not take the length of time which their aunt had supposed it would, and on coming out they find that the faithless John has driven away for a slight refreshment for himself and horses.

James is in waiting at the door.

Neither of the girls are sorry; the change of a walk down the High Street of Ruddiford is pleasant.

"Tell John to follow us to Harris' then James, by three o'clock, punctually; he must not be any later."

Then they have a thoroughly feminine half-hour of looking into shop windows, until they are overtaken by two gentlemen, both well looking and distinguished, who lift their hats and address them.

Dua's pink cheeks flush rosy as she places her hand in that of Mr. Richard Swayne, but Una appears as cool as usual, though she greets Captain Airedale with friendly pleasure. They pair off most naturally, as they invariably do whenever they meet.

Childish Dua makes very little concealment of the pleasure she is feeling. Her susceptible nature has gone out in all its impulsiveness towards Dick Swayne, whose young, graceful figure, handsome face, and "lady-killer" manners, seem to her all that is wanting.

He has been devoted to Dua at every tennis party where they have met, and has invited himself pretty frequently to "The Cottage" these last few weeks. In fact, Dua is waiting only for the proposal of marriage which may now come any day.

Captain Airedale is quite another type of man. He is handsome also; in Una's eyes far handsomer than Dick Swayne, though she would not for the world hurt her darling by saying so. Captain Airedale is not so tall as Swayne, but he has a more erect and powerful figure; his clean-cut features possess an intellect which Dick's want, his dark eyes show a depth of passion, and his refined mouth speaks of a somewhat cynical and suspicious nature—he is a man who could love very hotly, very jealously; and be perhaps as hard to forgive as hot in love.

The time passes quickly in their company. They have reached Harris', and eaten cakes and ices together, when John with a very rubicund face drives up.

"Three o'clock! how disgusting," sighs Dua. "For me! Oh, how good of you," accepting the box of nougat that Dick Swayne proffers. "I love nougat! it will be something to do this evening to eat it. Why not come up and help us, and have some tennis, eh?"

Dick agrees with impressment; Captain Airedale asks if he may not come, too, looking at Una all the while, who does not compromise herself by any special invitation.

What are her feelings towards this man? she asks herself for the twentieth time. He is handsome—he is clever—a gentleman—and evidently fond of her—and yet—yet—What is it she does mean?

She puts the question aside once more, and leaves things to chance, and so it turns out that about six of the clock that evening Miss Scatterlove's equanimity is much disturbed by the sudden announcement of Captain Airedale and Mr. Swayne. Aunt Kezia, tired with her drive, thought herself safe from visitors at that hour; she has composed herself, therefore, for a nap in her armchair, with her cap on the table instead of on her head; her front of little, bobbing, brown curls very much on one side, and the very oldest of slippers upon her feet.

The young men are consequently not received with cordiality, and are heartily thankful to escape to the tennis ground after a few feeble apologies. There, the old lady herself does not follow them, as in her days, young men and young ladies were not allowed to remain alone together, she rings impatiently for Watson, who is desired to take her knitting and seat herself in the garden as superintendent; proprieties, which the poor creature, feeling very uncomfortable, does, by keeping as much out of the way as possible.

There is a little tennis, and a good deal of talk. The Mr. John Marshall, of whom Dua has spoken so disparagingly arrives soon after the set is made up. Una barely notices him and he stands to watch their play, looking very much out in the cold. John Marshall is a man that one would not fail to look at a second time, though he has no great personal attractions. Handsome he is not, but "good looks," in the strict sense of the words, he certainly has. He possesses a grand, square forehead which does not play him false when he has an intricate case to plead—for John is a barrister in busy practice.

His features are nondescript—harsh or rugged people might call them, but they are manly and intellectual. He looks particularly clean also, being careful in his dress, and having his face clean-shaved, showing only a blue mark where the hair would grow were it allowed. In figure he is tall, square shouldered, and rather muscular, and he is much bronzed by the sun.

In manner he appears somewhat abrupt, though not unpolished, but this may be only by contrast with the soft nothings of Mr. Swayne and the not-to-be-mistaken devotion of Captain Airedale. His age is apparently about five-and-twenty, although Dua does consider him an "old fogy."

Presently the girls decide that it is too hot for tennis, and Dick and Dua stroll into the shrubbery, and Una seats herself beneath the mulberry tree, where Captain Airedale seats himself by her side and, fixing his glass in his eye, looks unutter-

able things at Marshall, and throws out one or two broad hints that he had better make himself scarce.

These are lost upon John, who lolls against a tree hard by and holds his ground like a man; not that he has much to talk about, but possibly he does not care to be hinted at openly; at any rate, if he has any deeper reason, he keeps it to himself so well that he is an enigma even to Una.

"A strange man," the girls thinks; "he is barely polite to me at times, and yet at others I could almost fancy—— Oh! how disgustingly vain and conceited I must be growing to imagine such a thing! He has never said a word to me to encourage the idea. I will think no more of him. What can it manner if he is strange—or rude, or anything else to me? I know that were I to give Captain Airedale the opportunity I might be engaged to him at once. He is so nice, too!—so well-bred, so amusing, and good looking! I like him too, immensely, and believe I should be much happier if things were definitely settled."

Yet for all this inward reasoning she sits rather silent this afternoon, contrasting the two men and speculating upon John Marshall's manners and motives; neither does she give Captain Airedale the opportunity which he strives by various stratagems to secure.

At last Mr. Marshall makes a sudden move, and, advancing rapidly to her, says bluntly:

"It is getting late, I find; I'm afraid I must say good-night."

He gives a microscopic nod to Airedale and walks away.

Una cannot refrain from a laugh at his bruesque adieu, and Captain Airedale ejaculates, with unfeigned joy:

"Thank Heaven! that bore is gone. Now we can have a half-hour to make up."

He looks admiringly at Una, and draws a little closer to her.

"Half an hour!" she exclaims, "not half a minute! Why Captain Airedale, it is eight o'clock, and here are Dua and Mr. Swayne just in time. You must both come in and have some claret before you leave."

"No, nothing, thanks," reply both the men together, the vision of Aunt Kezia being still in their minds. Then they make their farewells. Dick holding Dua's hand unnecessarily long, and Airedale looking rather crestfallen at another lost chance.

They are not many paces behind Marshall, who, if truth must be told, has not made so much way as he might. He has wasted a minute in watching, with some inward satisfaction, the speedy good-byes which the other men have been forced to make.

* * * * * *

The delicious weather lasts. Two or three more heavenly days glide by uneventfully. Aunt Kezia is crustier than usual—often noticeable in many of us during the season of cucumbers and strawberries and cream. The world seems a little out of joint to Una also, though she ought to be particularly happy on this special morning.

Captain Airedale, in despair of finding his opportunity for speaking, has written to her now, begging for a speedy answer. It is a nice, manly letter, and the girl's eyes glow with a soft pride as she reads it. She has been on intimate terms with Captain Airedale for several months now, and likes him—likes him very much indeed. She has expected this offer, and in no way discouraged his attention—until lately. She has no grounds for a refusal, and yet there is an unexplained weight at her heart, as she writes him a simple, girlish letter, accepting his offer; if he is content with the quiet 'regard' she feels for him. She adds this, conscious that there is something wanting.

"I suppose it is the thought of relinquishing my liberty that worries me," she thinks. "What a weathercock I must be to begin having scruples now! after having even consulted mother about it. I will send off my answer at once, and then I shall be at ease again."

So she posts her acceptance, and sits down to write a full account to her parents in India.

The heat seems to try Dua also. She is pre-occupied and barely sympathetic to her sister—perhaps the reflection that she has given Mr. Swayne many golden opportunities which he has so far neglected annoys her.

But in the cool of the evening, when the girls are alone under the mulberry tree, a vision of white flannels and blazer appears round the rhododendrons, and Mr. Dick Swayne advances, looking as 'fit' as ever.

They have hardly exchanged greetings when the face of Aunt Kezia looms darkly at the open French window, and the voice of Aunt Kezia calls in deep sepulchral tones:

"Guris."

"Conf——" begins Dick, but it is interrupted by another and still more bass:

"Guris. Come in at once."

Dua looks mutinous, and openly stamps her foot, showing Dick only too plainly how disappointed she is. Una walks towards the house, whilst the young people say a few last words.

Even Dick is too awed to dare to linger. He whispers a few rapid sentences in Dua's ears; to which she responds with eager assent, then she runs gaily after her sister, to be greeted with a r proof.

"Dua," says Miss Scatterlove, "when I call 'guris,' I mean 'guris'—not Una alone, but you also. I am not aware that I invited Mr. Richard Swayne to my house this evening! The young men round about seem to imagine that this is a public tennis ground; more shame to you and your sister for encouraging them."

Aunt Kezia retires for the night, first calling the meek Watson to secure the shutters and lock the doors, as if fearing that Mr. Swayne may return by and by and commit a burglary.

A few hours later when all are retired to rest and there is no one to gaze at her, the moon uncovers her fair face, and transfigures all Miss Scatterlove's pretty garden. The mulberry tree casts one wide shadow over the smooth lawn which lies beneath it, shimmering like a lake of silver.

The colorless flowers gleam like ghosts against the dark background of shrubs, and every little pebble in the drive catches a ray of light, and glitters like a precious stone.

All is perfectly lovely and spirit-like. almost could one fancy that a white-robed phantom glided beneath the shadow of the rhododendrons, and flitted down the drive to the little copse which joins the high road.

The hour is not extremely late, although the moon is high. It is between eleven and twelve o'clock, and Captain Airedale, returning from a dinner-party, is sauntering slowly towards barracks in Ruddiford. He is enjoying the cool, sweet night air, the nightingales at song in the copse, and the cigar which he is smoking. His thoughts are all of Una.

She is the one woman in whom he has faith.

So far, he has been cynical in his belief in the sex, not a good sign, I fear, of the way he has treated them. He can see nothing of the house at this distance, and, of course, nothing of Una at this hours, but he longs impatiently for the morrow which will bring her answer he has little doubt. She has been shyer with him lately, but that he considers a good sign.

He is thinking deepiy, forgetful of all but her, when as he passes close under the border of the copse, a woman's figure suddenly springs from it. At the sight of him, she gives a terrified cry, rushes wildly across the road, then back again, bewildered which way to go, and at last in evident terror, sinks almost at his feet.

She covers her face with her hands, and to his horror and alarm—Captain Airedale sees cowering before him, Una Montgomery!

"Merciful Heaven!" he exclaimed. "What is this? What does this mean, Una? What has happened?"

A crashing of the underwood, and the hurried flight of a man, who, almost knocking over the Captain, bounds into the road, and almost as rapidly out of sight, reveal the reason of her being there, all too plainly.

Airedale is speechless for a moment, then:

"Who was that?" he thunders at last. "Speak, Una, as God is above you!"

He does not strive to raise or touch her. He looks down in righteous wrath upon her lovely brown hair which is partly dishevelled and lying upon her shoulders. Alas! that hair! if it had been Dua's golden locks and rosy cheeks, though he would have been grieved, with agony it would have saved him? But those dark tresses and that creamy face, looking doubly pale in the pure moonlight, stab him to the heart.

"You will not tell me?" he asks, briefly.

"I will never tell you," she answers, "for pity's sake let me go."

"Go," he answers barely audibly. "Go and may God forgive you! After this, all must be over between us for ever."

She stares at him as if barely comprehending. Then a look of misery passes over her face, and she creeps from his sight, terror-stricken. She is regardless of all further concealment, and reaches the house and panting, unheard, however, by Aunt Kezia, who is snoring tranquilly amidst a sea of pillows and night cap frills.

The twins occupy separate beds in one large room separated only by an alcove. The fugitive flings herself across the bed weeping unrestrainedly; her sobs wake her sister who hurries to her in alarm.

"Dearest," she cries, "what is it? Why, still dressed! oh, tell me darling, what has happened?"

The windows are curtained and there are only a few streaks of moonlight to illumine the room; the long unbound hair of the one sister mingles with the heavy brown locks of the other which lie strown across the pillow.

At length the girl on the bed sits up, spent with crying—she throws her arms round her second self, and pours out her confession.

Once or twice the listener shivers a little, as if in pain, but she speaks no word of reproach—only together they talk long and quietly, until the poor penitent is persuaded to go to bed and try for sleep.

She kisses her sister impetuously.

"Darling, darling," she says, "I love you more than ever."

"I know it, my own," the other answers. "We are one and always will be, your sorrows must be mine, come what will. So fret no more about it. It will all come right some day! I have no greater privilege to help you in this or any matter."

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Both the girls look ill and unhappy enough next morning. The only comfort Una having, being the loving caresses of her sister. The intense love which she bears for Dua at all times, seems to burn with greater intensity now, and to absorb all other loves.

It is hard to have lost the regard of Jasper Airedale; harder still to have lost his esteem; for if he cannot trust her against appearances, she has lost both. The true explanation of last night's meeting she cannot give him, and now that all must be over between them, as he has said, the loss affects her more than she thought possible. But her grief springs from shame at what he must think of her, not from personal affection.

She is not the least surprised when during the forenoon, a small packet is placed in her hands.

It contains the one and only letter which Una has addressed to Captain Airedale—the acceptance of his proposal only received that morning; with it are a few words to the effect that as he can no longer consider it his property, he feels bound in honor to return it.

The crimson blushes dye her cheeks on reading them, and for a while her wounded pride prompts her to say nothing in reply, but upon reflection she sends him ultimately the following note:

"DEAR CAPTAIN AIREDALE,—

"I thank you for restoring my letter. Were I alone implicated in this matter I could exhonorate myself from blame even in your eyes, but as I have promised to conceal the name of the person you saw, I can only ask you to believe my simple word that I was innocent of all wrong, or intention of wrong, last night.

"Yours sincerely,
UNA MONTGOMERY."

She writes and re-writes it several times, fearing lest he shall construe her words into an attempt to bring him back to her, instead of a mere defence of her conduct, but at last she sends it in despair of doing better.

Jasper Airedale, meanwhile, is half frantic between his anger and disappointment. He tosses her note of apology into the fire with contempt, and tortures himself with speculations as to whom the favored one may be that Una can meet by stealth at night, and must keep faith with even before her accepted husband.

No one belonging to the neighoorhood surely. They are really intimate with so few people. He and Dick Swayne almost represent the society men of the place; and Dick has always been openly epris with Dua. Could it be Marshall? Why, of course. How blind not to have seen that before? Captain Airedale's hot temper seizes hold of the suspicion as a fact, and he is convinced that Marshall is the man.

"Just the sort to turn out a 'bad egg,'" he thinks indignantly. "These quiet fellows are the worst behind the scenes. Sneak that he must be! to bolt and leave the girl to bear the brunt of it alone, and bind her to secrecy too! Well, I will find out, and if it proves to be as I believe, Mr. John Marshall will have learnt a lesson before night."

Captain Airedale gives a very unpleasant smile to look upon, as he selects a firm flexible bamboo cane, and starts for a walk.

As fate will have it he comes suddenly John Marshall on the Ruddiford Road, and without greeting of any sort, advances and says curtly.

"A word with you, if you please."

His angry face and rude manner are not lost upon John, who stops and replies with scrupulous courtesy.

"Perhaps you will kindly let me know what may be your pleasure?"

"I desire you to tell me where you were last night between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock, sir," replies the irate Captain, wagging the stick in his hand excitably to and fro, as if itching to bring it down upon the shoulders of his enemy.

"When you can show me that you have the right to catechise me upon my movements, I shall be ready to tell you," replies John, standing firm and square, and steadily regarding his opponent, of whom he is slightly the superior both in height and muscle.

"It is as I well knew then! It was you, you scoundrel, who induced Miss Montgomery to meet you last night, and then left her to bear the disgrace alone! If you cannot disprove it here, and at once, I will thrash you within an inch of your life!"

He raises his stick as he speaks, and grasps Marshall with his left hand; but ere the bamboo has time to descend, John has twisted it, with a cunning jerk, out of Airedale's hand, broke it in two, and tossed it over the hedge.

"Stop playing the fool," he says contemptuously, "and learn to leave a lady's name out of your brawls. If you have any good reason for wishing to know where I was last night, you can find out by inquiring of Major Forster, of your own regiment. This is all the explanation I will give you; and I do that not for my own sake, but for hers whose name you should be ashamed to asperse."

Then he passes on, and leaves Captain Airedale looking and feeling very like the fool which he has been called.

This feeling is confirmed when he seeks Major Forster, and finds that Mr. Marshall was smoking quietly with him and some friends till nearly one o'clock that morning.

There is nothing for it but for Airedale to bolt a large slice of that very indigestible food called "humble pie," and to admit the error to John, who receives it as frankly as it is offered. He learns from Airedale the facts of the case, and the rupture of his only just accomplished engagement to Una, and then John's heart rises in his breast and beats as it has not for some weeks.

To doubt the truth and purity of the girl he has watched and loved silently for many a day, never enters his honest heart, and he laughs inwardly at the idea of Airedale having called his own feelings for Una, love.

John burns with impatience until Airedale at length takes his leave; when he begins to stride hastily down the road which leads to "The Cottage." He remembers having received from Swayne a message to deliver at the next opportunity. The dusty miles seem nothing to him. "Things are at an end," the melancoly refrain of poor Jasper Airedale's song, rings like the cheeriest strain in John Marshall's ear.

At length he reaches the gates, and pausing, looks in.

Gentlemen visitors are not cordially welcomed by Aunt Kezia; and he has no good excuse for a call; yet he must risk a rebuff, come what will. Una is in trouble and disgrace, and his heart will not rest satisfied until he sees her.

As he passes through the little shrubbery, he comes suddenly upon her, and, to his great distress sees that she is crying. It is too late to retreat now, even had he the inclination; therefore he goes up to her, and taking her hand with as much respect as tenderness, says simply:

"Dear Miss Montgomery, I feel I ought not to be here; but the truth is, I could not stay away."

"Oh, never mind," she replies with the ready courtesy of a gentlewoman, brushing away her tears and forcing up a "civility smile." "The fact is—the truth is—I have been worried and—a little unhappy to-day—and I was silly enough to cry over it. I am all right now. Don't let Dua know, please, that I was so foolish, will you?"

Her candor and confidence in him throw him off his guard.

"No; no, of course not, but," lowering his voice, "try not to take it so to heart.

If he cannot trust you, he does not know a love worth having."

"He has told you!" Una cries, turning aside her shame dyed face. "How cruel! he might have kept it to himself. Mr. Marshall, don't, for pity's sake, believe all that he has said! Indeed, indeed, if I could do so in honor, I could prove to him and anyone that—that——"

She stops for want of words to express her meaning.

"One word from you is enough from me," he answers. "I know very little of the circumstances, save what an angry man asserted, but if all the world traduced you, and yourself denied their accusations, I would believe in your truth before all. You know it, do you not?"

Her face lights up as he speaks.

"Oh, it is a comfort to be trusted!" she says. "Thank you so much, Mr. Marshall. I was crying more from wounded pride, I think, than from any other feeling."

Una's heart rises as it did when all was fair and happy between her and Airedale, and she begins to understand now why that consciousness of incompleteness made itself felt. This trouble will have one good result, if it saves her from a life-long mistake.

John forbears to say more. He looks into Una's brightened face and clear true eyes, and feels that he can afford to wait until he has taught her to trust him as he does her. And they walk together towards the house almost in silence. Here Dua appears, and then John, who always connects her and Dick Swayne together remembers his message.

"Swayne begged me to make his adieux to you and your sister," he says, innocently causing a terrible commotion in Dua's breast, for he has regarded Dick Swayne as he supposed others did also, as an empty pated flirt, if no worse. "He got a letter this morning from his people, begging him to join them at once, so he started then and there."

Dua turns as white as Una, but the latter asks:

"Join them, for where?"

"On the long talked-of tour. Malta, Alexandra, Cairo, Heaven knows where. He has intended it for long, but I did not think he would have to leave so immediately."

It is a very white and unearthly-looking Dua who now speaks.

"Gone," she says, as if she has forgotten there is anyone present save her sister. "Gone, Una, and after last night! Oh, what have I done! Thrown away my love and your happiness and good name for him!"

She speaks as one in a dream, or sleep-walking, and for the moment does not notice the entrance of her Aunt and Captain Airedale.

"It cannot be," she goes on. "Gone—without a word!" then looking up and seeing others, she continues hysterically: "Yes, you can all listen now if you will. I am released by this to my promise to him at any rate. Listen, Captain Airedale it was I, not Una, whom you saw last night. I went to talk to Mr. Swayne—he had begged me in the afternoon to come and hear the nightingales by moonlight. I went because I thought him true and a gentleman, and Aunt would not let me see him when he called, and he—he pretended to care for me—so I went.

She hangs her head and Una goes to her side.

"Hush, Dua darling," she says, "it is no matter now. Why distress yourself by recounting it."

"For your sake," she answers. "If he had not made me swear never to tell of our meeting, I would not have let you take the blame you have. Oh, unhappy girl that I am. What misery I have brought on you as well as myself."

"But Captain Airedale, still incredulous, here murmurs:

"But, Dua, I saw Una with my own eyes. What do you mean?"

"You saw me," she answers. "I wore a wig exactly the same shade as Una's hair. I never thought that I should be seen by anyone but Mr. Swayne, and I had no thought of involving Una in the matter. I had a bet with—him—that no disguise that I could wear could trick him! Alas! the disguise was too perfect, for he took me for Una only, until the footsteps of Captain Airedale startled me, and when he saw that I was recognized, he left me as you saw.

"I have been waiting in hopes of seeing him, to explain the truth, and to ask him to release me from my promise. But his conduct proves how little he meant! I frightened him, I suppose, for I pretended to be Una and to be very angry, and he has left me as you see."

Her lip trembles, but she does not cry. There is a good deal of Una's fortitude in Dua, though she is more impetuous and childish.

Una has been standing near supporting her as she makes her confession.

"My dearest sister!" says Una. "My dear little brave sister. Last night has at any rate done one thing for us, taught us whom we may trust, though by a hard lesson."

Captain Airedale bites his lips at this remark, though it is meant for Swayne and not himself.

"You will forgive me though, Una?" he asks timidly. "I had come here in hopes of a further explanation before I heard this. You will allow that the disguise was perfect and make allowance for the jealousy of a man who loves you very truly?"

"I am quite ready to forgive," she answers sweetly, giving him her hand, "and to be friends again, as we were in old days."

She lays a very decided stress upon the words friends, for she knows that, much as she has liked him, her regard has stopped short at friendship with Jasper Airedale.

She turns as she speaks towards John Marshall, who is watching her intently, as if to read her heart. With a woman's quickness she sees this, and she moves towards him ever so slightly.

It is an almost imperceptible step, but it is enough for John, who openly clasps her hand; and it is enough for Jasper Airedale also, who knows that he has had his chance and lost it.

CANADIAN TRADITIONS.

THE Wandering Jew legend in various forms is popular in Canada. The souls of the lost and the spirits in purgatory occupy a prominent position in Canadian folklore. These haunting spirits are often supposed to return to the world, and are frequently detained on the scene of their past misdeeds in punishment for sin. A wrong could only be righted by the intervention of a living being. The evil spirits were unable to cross the blessed waters of the St. Lawrence without the help of a Christian.

The Aurora Borealis, called "les marionettes, les eclairons, les lustrions," are believed to be lost souls. The Canadians think that the sound of an instrument, or the sound of the human voice raised in song will make "les eclairons" dance. It is a common habit for the country people to sing aloud, to keep away the evil spirits. Dire misfortune threatens the reckless being who adopts this method of amusing himself while the quivering lights flash across the sky.

Unless the precaution of touching him with a consecrated palm is taken, he gradually becomes fascinated, loses control of his senses, and before morning dawns, his body lies stiff and stark in death, while his soul is waited away to join in the giddy whirl of the "marionettes."

Fireflies, known to the country people as "fi-foliets," are also supposed to be the souls of the lost. It is their prerogative to lead their followers to destruction. A simple charm will avert the malicious designs of these imps. If the object of their persecution can retain sufficient presence of mind to thrust either a needle or a sharp knife into the nearest fence, the firefly is obliged to stop short in his course. One of two things must then happen, either the will-o'-the-wisp will impale himself upon the sharp instrument and thus find deliverance, or else he will exhaust himself in frantic efforts to pass through the needle's eye, an achievement as difficult to the airy spirit as to the most substantial of mortals. In the meantime the traveler can seek shelter.

The "Lutin" is a tricky sprite, delighting in mischief. He turns the cream sour, throws things into disorder, and at night takes long rides on the farmer's best horses. A remedy for this exists. Lutin possesses orderly instincts, and is forced to leave everything exactly as he finds it. If a farmer scatters a quart of bran before the stable door, the intruder in entering will be forced to step upon the bran, and the pressure of his footsteps will disarrange the grains.

In scrupulous fulfillment of his obligations he must replace them one by one. While he is engaged in this tedious task the night passes, and when morning dawns Lutin is obliged to disappear.

The Canadian seafaring population entertain superstitions peculiar to themselves. There are certain fishes whose the fisherfolk never touch, as for instance a kind of haddock, commonly called "Saint Peter's Fish," which legend declares was the first fish taken out of the net by the Apostle on the occasion of the miraculous draught of fishes. The back of the fish is said to bear, in black marks, the imprint of Saint Peter's fingers.

Canadian sailors professed to hear the plaintive accents of the spirit that bewailed itself in the vicinity of Cap Made line. For many years mysterious sounds were said to haunt Prince Edward's Island.

Sighs that rent asunder the heart, plaints that deeply moved the soul, sung by voices that had nothing human in them, were heard in Roman Catholic chapels during service. Some heard nothing while others were affected to tears and faintness by this torrent of melody vibrating in tender modulations and beating against the rock, until it became lost in distant echoes.

Many attempts to exorcise these uneasy spirits were made without success. The fishermen tell of weird flames which are seen dancing on the waves of the Baie de Chaleurs, and which they believe serve as a reminder to pray for the souls of those who have perished on that spot.

Sailors are firmly convinced that Admiral Walker, with his phantom fleet, appears in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. L'Amiral du Brouillard, or Admiral of the Fog, he is called.

The sight always presages disaster for mariners; and many terrible shipwrecks that have taken place at Ile aux Oeufs are believed to have been caused by this ghastly spectacle. The sea may be smooth as a mirror. Suddenly the water becomes agitated, the waves rise mountains high. Then a vessel appears, vainly striving to make way against the raging billows. She is crowded by men in ancient uniforms.

On the main deck stands the commanding officer, who points out the sombre heights of Cape Despair to the pilot; while a beautiful woman, distraught with terror, clings to his arm.

The ship drives straight on to Cape Despair. Piercing cries are heard mingling with the noise of the tempest. Glimpses of white, agonized faces; of upraised, pleading hands; flash from the angry waters.

Then, abruptly, the vision vanishes. The sunshine dimples on a sea like a mirror, the waves ripple softly to the foot of Cape Despair.

The superstitious Canadian, believing himself to be in constant contention with evil influences, did not disdain to become himself the worker of magic spells; he believed sincerely in necromancy and magic, and made attempts to practice the black art.

Most of the spells and charms in use among the Canadians were taken from "Le Petit Albert," a small edition of "Albert-le-Grand" as used in France. The chief objects in employing these incantations was to find concealed treasures, changing tin into silver, the conjuring of spirits from the other world; it was also attempted to control the devil.

Success.—Purposes, however wise, without plans, cannot be relied on for good results. Random or spasmodic efforts, like aimless shots, are usually no better than wasted time and strength.

The purposes of shrewd men in the business of this life are always followed with carefully formed plans. Whether the object is learning, honor, or wealth, the ways and means are all laid out according to the best rules and methods. The mariner has his chart, the architect his plan, and the sculptor his model, and all as a means and condition of success. Invention, genius, or even what is sometimes called inspiration, can do little in any department of theoretic or practical science, except as it works by a well-formed plan.

Then every step is an advance towards the accomplishment of the object.

Every tack of the ship made according to nautical law keeps her steadily nearing the ports.

Each stroke of the chisel brings the marble into a closer likeness of the model. No effort of time is lost, for nothing is done rashly or at random.

THE self-conscious man who is afraid of being ridiculous should keep hard at work. No one is ridiculous who is working.

Dobbins Electric Soap is cheaper for you to use, it goes further, cleanses quicker and better and is gentle to the hands, for by its use clothes are saved. Costs no more than soap. Ask your grocer for Dobbins'. Take no other.

At Home and Abroad.

The town crier of Nantucket, old "Billy" Clark, is really one of the attractions of the place, and is looked upon by visitors as a link joining the present and the past. It is his duty to "cry" not only advertisements, but general news of the day, which he obtains when the steamer arrives from the mainland. His idea of his own importance is large, and if any one should suggest to him that he give up his duties and permit more modern ideas to prevail, he would look upon it as an insult not only to his dignity, but to the dignity of the whole island.

The State Department is loaded down with swords and costly gems which have been presented to Americans by foreign Governments, and which can neither be lawfully accepted nor returned without international offense. It is truly an embarrassment of riches for which there can be no relief except through Congress; though a vendue of the baubles, if it were legally possible, would be an infinite relief to the department, which is virtually being made use of as a safe deposit company without enjoying any of the profits of the business.

A large office building is now being erected in San Francisco which will be devoted exclusively to offices for doctors, dentists, oculists and aurists. It is to be fitted with every convenience for the use of the specialists who are expected to occupy it. In addition to reception rooms, cabinets for private examination and microscopic tests, there will be one of the finest medical libraries on the Pacific coast. There will also be an annex, which will contain a restaurant and several apartments. Already the demand for the offices has been encouraging.

The clubhouse of a New York literary society was recently entirely remodeled by the members, each having contributed his share of the work. The plumber, who was a member, upon his return from work devoted a portion of his spare time to the plumbing; the carpenter did his share, and so all the mechanics did their respective work toward completing the interior of the house. Even the business and professional men were called upon in constructing the house. They carried the hod, mixed mortar, and so on. The members are, therefore, justly proud of the house, which is worth more than $50,000.

"Some curious investigations have recently been undertaken by a photographic society in Geneva," says the Photographic Times. "The purpose was to show that the longer a married couple live together —we apprehend harmoniously—the more and more ma ked became the resemblance which the two persons bore to each other. Photographs of 78 couples were taken, as well as an equal number of adult brothers and sisters. On careful inspection it was found that the married couples were more like each other than the brothers and sisters of the same blood. Apparently, therefore, there seems to be a stronger force available for the production of 'family likenesses' even than that of hereditary transmission.

Certain towns in South Carolina have been spiritually aroused by the wonderful preaching of a negro girl not yet ten years of age. All who come within the sound of her voice are amazed at her utterances. At first, she preached only to members of her own race, but soon her audiences were composed of blacks and whites, and her simple, straightforward, practical sermons appealed to theologian and laymen alike. She can barely write, but has committed the whole of the New Testament to heart. Her memory is wonderful, and it is claimed that after hearing a sermon once she can repeat it word for word. That her influence is marvellous may be judged from the fact that within the past few weeks hundreds have been converted to Christianity through her preaching.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

BY H. P.

EVERYONE, you will say, knows the old story of Dick Whittington! What is the use of telling us about him? Well, although I am quite aware that you may know the "old story" of Sir Richard Whittington, it is not that tale which I am going to tell you at all. But the legend—that is, the nursery story—has some foundation. We will not upset all our notions of our friend but in justice to him we must tell you the true story of "Whittington and his Cat," as gathered from later chronicles than the legend; and to Dr. Lysons, Mr. Besant, and others, we owe many thanks.

If you remember the legend you will say that Dick was a poor lad who came up to London, and was found resting upon a doorstep, when he was assisted by a rich merchant named Fitz-Warren, whose unkind cook had refused to give poor, ragged, hungry Dick anything to eat. This, I think, is the first chapter in Dick's eventful history. He is admitted by the merchant, and as he behaved well he was permitted to remain.

Let us stop there, and look back to see who Richard Whittington really was.

It appears from recent investigation that Richard was not such a poor lad as we have been taught to believe. His father was a knight of the shire—a country gentleman—and Dick, the youngest of three sons, was educated in a fashion, and brought up well, in his father's house.

He was born in 1358 in Gloucestershire—the old story says in Somersetshire—and it is related that while Dick was still young his father died. This was a very severe blow, and it became necessary for the three boys—William, Robert, and Richard—to assist their mother in the estate, on the farms, or in some other way, to become independent, like the honest lads they were.

Some people have thought that the two older brothers were unkind to little Dick, the youngest, and after the death of their father drove him away.

"Go and seek your fortune," they may have said. "The land is not enough for all. We can't keep you idle here. Go away and seek your fortune."

In those days boys were sent away at an early age from home. Some became pages in the castles of the knights, and afterwards squires, and perhaps knights themselves in time. So there was nothing very unkind in sending Richard away, if they did so. But it is not thought that they did. At any rate, whether or not, Dick, at the age of fourteen, was sent up to London to be apprenticed to a mercer named Fitz-Warren.

If you walk into Cheapside now, and turn into Ironmonger Lane, you will find the door of Mercer's Hall—one of the richest of the City Companies. Even in the time of Whittington the mercers were well-to-do traders, and John Fitz Warren was a relative of Mistress Whittington. It was very natural, therefore, that Richard should be sent to London to his mother's kinsman.

Dick had to come up a long distance, and he probably traveled with the packmen or pedlars, who, with their trains of mules, found their way by horse-paths over the country—over hill and dale, up and down, along the paved causeways and swampy tracks. The old story says Dick followed the carrier, but it is more likely that he was put in charge of the head man, whose mules were bringing wool and such articles to the mercers of London.

To London came Richard—a fine, sturdy lad, willing to work, and play too, and he became an apprentice, bound to his master, the mercer, for seven years, when he would become one of the Guild, no doubt. If Dick had been so poor as the old story tells us he was, it is unlikely that he would have been sent to, or adopted by, such a rich merchant as Fitz Warren, who sold the most expensive and rare stuffs—silks and satins and cloths of gold, and jewels.

Dick helped in the shop, perhaps, and made the acquaintance of Alice Fitz Warren, the mercer's child, who was a distant relative or connection of his, though his master's daughter. Thus Dick and Alice became friends, and the mercer made no objection.

[illegible] Richard had holidays, and though he did not run away from the [illegible], as the old story tells us, he perhaps walked up to Highgate and breathed the fresh air. There, seated upon the milestone, he looked back and listened to the bells of Bow Church in Cheapside, which perhaps sang a rhyme to him, as the wheels of a railway car may suggest a tune to us.

At all events, Richard heard the bells, and made up the rhyme—

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London-town,"

as he lazily heard the clanging bells, so sweet in the still distance. The almshouses of the Mercers' Company, named after Richard the Apprentice, have been erected at Highgate in memory of Dick's resting and rhyming.

We can fancy Dick, a lad, leaving the old City streets and walking up to Highgate, perhaps with his "Cousin" Alice, a pretty child in those days; and we can picture them resting after their walk, chatting about the work. Perhaps Alice told Dick tales of the City, and of men who, like her father, had risen to be merchants, and even to be Lord Mayor of London, by means of honest and steady labor.

"Why should not you be Lord Mayor, too, Richard?" she said.

"Why not?" Dick may have replied.

And then the bells, which reminded those little folks that it was time to return home, rang out, and they heard in the soft sounds the hopeful words—

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London-town."

So Dick returned, and attended to business like a good boy. But he had not yet found his cat.

Some writers have declared that Dick never had a cat at all—that, therefore, it was never sent to Morocco, and did not make his fortune. But we think otherwise. Dick, we believe, had a cat, and by means of the pussy he took the first step toward the chair of the Lord Mayor. There are some old pictures of Whittington seated with the cat in his arms, and on many carvings, executed hundreds of years ago, Whittington is shown with a cat. Thus we may conclude that Master Richard possessed a cat.

Now in those days cats were valuable; indeed, many very celebrated persons nursed them, that even carried them about. It would seem that Dick became possessed of a cat; and, learning that if sent abroad it would fetch a good price, he gave it into the hands of one of the mercers' captains who traded to Africa.

So pussy went out, like any other piece of merchandise, and was sold, but not as the old story says—at least, we cannot say so. We have no information about the king and queen seated at table, and about the cat hunting the rats among the dishes! Of course it may have been so, but as I am telling you the true story of Whittington and his Cat, so far as I am able, I must stick to the most probable statements and facts.

Well then, puss was sold, and the captain brought home its value in rich stuffs. With these Dick was able to make more money, and, being an industrious, patient, and hard-working lad, he got on, by improving his mind, attending to business, and doing all he could to please his master.

After his seven years' apprenticeship had passed, Dick was, no doubt, received into the Mercers' Company, and set up for himself. He went about with other mercers, and perhaps was present when Sir William Walworth killed Wat Tyler.

Richard quickly rose in the esteem of his friends, because we find him in the list of Common Councilmen in 1387, when he was only about thirty years of age; so in sixteen years he had raised himself from an apprentice (first in London about 1371) to Common Councilman in 1387!

Those were stormy times. Richard II. had a great deal of trouble, but in all those disturbances we have no doubt Whittington assisted the law. In 1393 he was made an Alderman. Before this he had married his old playmate, Alice Fitz-Warren, and, unless he had been a steady and prosperous young man, Papa Fitz-Warren would certainly not have permitted his daughter to marry Dick, his late apprentice.

The happy pair lived in a big house (Gresham House, by Cripplegate) in the City, and they often chatted about the bells, and what they had said. He became Lord Mayor first by taking the place of the Mayor who had died while in office, and the next year Dick was elected to the chair. In 1406 he was again elected, and again in 1419, having become M. P. for the City meanwhile.

Thus the song of the bells of Bow Church was fulfilled. Sir Richard Whittington spent his money usefully in building churches and in repairing public buildings. He, by his will, rebuilt Newgate Prison, where the cat appeared cut in the stone. He established the almshouse now at Highgate, and did many charitable deeds, assisted by his good wife, Dame Alice.

Often and often the kindly pair must have talked of the old days, and of Richard's first venture with the cat. That was the beginning of his fortune. But all the cats and kittens would not have helped him so much if he had not been an honest, brave lad, a good citizen, and a good man.

He died, as Mr. Besant says, in 1423, when about sixty-five years old, honored and universally respected. But it is curious, as has been properly remarked, that the City contains no statue of its great benefactor. Such is gratitude! While so many were benefited, none erected a public memorial to the "greatest citizen of London."

But it is unnecessary. We shall never forget his story—it is always new. So we bid farewell here to Whittington and his Cat, who will always be remembered as long as London lasts, and while boys and girls exist in the world.

LAUGHTER THE BEST MEDICINE.—The following incident comes to us thoroughly authenticated, although we are not at liberty to publish any names.

A short time since two individuals in this city were lying in one room very sick, one with brain fever and the other with an aggravated case of mumps. They were so low that watchers were needed every night, and it was thought doubtful if the one sick of fever would recover.

A person was engaged to watch one night, his duty being to wake the nurse whenever it became necessary to take the medicine.

In the course of the night both watcher and nurse fell asleep. The man with the mumps lay watching the clock, and saw that it was time to give the fever patient his portion.

He was unable to speak aloud or to move any portion of his body except his arms, but, seizing a pillow, he managed to strike the watcher in the face with it.

Thus suddenly awakened, the watcher sprang from his seat, falling to the floor and awakening both the nurse and fever patient.

The incident struck both the sick men as very ludicrous, and they laughed most heartily at it for fifteen or twenty minutes.

When the doctor came in the morning he found his patients vastly improved—said he had never known so sudden a turn for the better—and they are now both out and well.

HEROISM AT HOME.—How useless our lives seem to us sometimes! How we long for an opportunity to perform some great action!

We become tired of the daily routine of home-life, and imagine we would be far happier in other senses. We think of life's great battle-field, wish to be heroes.

We think of the good we might do if our lot had been cast in different scenes. We forget that the world bestows no titles as noble as father, mother, sister, or brother.

In the sacred precincts of home we have many chances for heroism. The daily acts of self-denial for the good of a loved one, the gentle word of soothing for another's trouble, the care for the sick, may all seem as nothing; yet who can tell the good they accomplish?

Our slightest word may have an influence over another for good or evil. We are daily sowing the seed which will bring forth some sort of harvest.

Well will it be for us if the harvest is one we will be proud to garner.

If some one of that dear home-circle can look back in after-years, and, as they tenderly utter our name, say, "Her words and example prepared me for a life of usefulness—to her I owe my present happiness," we may well say, I have not lived in vain.

A LIFE of constant toil merely for subsistence is very hard and sad. No heart can bear it. The strain will break the courage and sour the temper of anybody.

There must be before the worker some better reward than the supply of his mere physical wants, or he will become a discontented being, and hence a source of annoyance to himself and to others.

He must work for love more than money, or he will be miserable.

Hall's Hair Renewer renders the hair lustrous and silken, gives it an even color, and enables women to put it up in a great variety of styles.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Russian railway trains rarely go as fast as 22 miles an hour.

The largest hall in the United States is said to be the Wigwam, at Chicago, which will seat 20,000 spectators.

The most perfect echo in the world is said to be that at Shipley in Sussex, South England. It will repeat 21 syllables.

The authorities of the Ohio Wesleyan University refuse to matriculate any student who uses tobacco in any form whatever.

The greatest transmission of power by a wire rope is at Schaffhausen; by means of it 600-horse power is transmitted to a distance of a mile.

There are twenty-one persons in Monterey county, California, who own more than nine thousand acres of land each. There are several estates of 30,000 and 40,000 acres in that county.

The first known coin is Chinese. It is copper, and specimens weighing from one to five pounds, and supposed to date from a period at least 2000 years before Christ, are still in existence.

One of the interesting things to be seen at Atlanta, Ga., outside of the Exhibition, is a house said to be constructed entirely of paper from foundation to chimney. Georgians say this is the only house of the kind in the country.

Firemen's clothes in England are in the future to be made of asbestos or mineral wool. The efficiency of suits composed of this material depends on three facts. It is non-combustible, a non conductor of heat and in no way injured by water.

Statistics from the United States railway service show that one passenger is killed for every 2,000,000 passengers carried, or every 44,163,225 miles traveled. One is injured for every 4,709,771 miles traveled, or one out of every 204,248 passengers carried.

The Police Department of Racine, Wis., in looking up the records of some chicken thieves, found that they had shipped 1510 pounds of chickens and turkeys to Chicago by express. Not a farmer can be found who sold them a single chicken or turkey.

Quite a freak of nature can be seen in one of the big elm trees in Waterville, Me. In the fork of the tree, up a dozen feet from the ground, well out of reach of the small boy, a large currant bush has taken root, and at present is loaded with currants, which are ripening in the sunshine.

It is said that a hypnotist in Utah has begun a series of experiments in the Territorial Reform School at Ogden looking to the cure of kleptomania and kindred mental conditions of children by hypnotism. He claims that the suggestions given in the hypnotic state will overcome criminal tendencies.

There was a trial of German war dogs at Dresden recently, in which the dogs came off creditably as military aids. They kept up rapid and regular communication between the troops and outposts a mile away, carrying the dispatches to and fro. They also served ammunition, passing from man to man, the number of ball cartridges they carried being 200, and blank 350.

The electric lights are said to be responsible for the scarcity of mosquitoes of late years. This bird, which used to occasion so much hard feeling, sees the light, and, led by curiosity, wets his foot and puts it on the carbon to see if it is hot enough to sizzle. The result is fatal, and the other mosquitoes do not seem to draw any lesson from the fearful fatality.

Since 1888 about $125,000,000 has been invested in the conversion of horse car lines into electric railways and cable roads. The street railway mortgage debt in the country has thus been more than doubled in six years. The total mileage of electric railways is 10,262 and the capitalization is $564,455,000. The field for further extension of the electric traction system in this country is enormous.

Mushrooms grow in immense quantities in the Russian forests, the inhabitants in some places existing entirely by selling them. Kargopol, in Olonetz, sends yearly 5000 poods (180,000 pounds) of mushrooms to St. Petersburg. The varieties are many. With one form, the mukhomor, the native tribes of Siberia intoxicate themselves; an infusion from it has a stupefying effect like that of opium or harshoesh.

The inhabitants of New York are at present possessed of a mania for drinking milk, and it is said that the sales of milk by the glass have reached surprisingly large figures. Indeed, the receipts of the saloonkeepers of the metropolis have begun to suffer to a considerable extent from the milk mania. After all, one can drink nothing more refreshing during a very hot spell than an ice-cold glass of sweet milk.

One of the ancient customs connected with Swedish funerals was to place a small looking glass in the coffin of an unmarried female, so that when the last trump sounds she might be able to arrange her tresses. It was the practice for Scandinavian maidens so wear their hair flowing loosely, while the matrons wore it bound about the head and generally covered with some form of cap. Hence the unmarried woman was imagined as awakening at the judgment day with more untidy locks than her wedded sisters and more need of a glass.

A DEAD ROSE.

BY W. W. L.

This dead rose is my friend,
All that is left of a June
That vanished all too soon,
And of love, sweet love, the end.

ABOUT BIRDS.

In folk-lore, the crow always appears as a bird of the most sinister character, representing either death, or night, or winter. The Hindoos believe on the other hand, that to eat a crow will prolong life by keeping the hair black and preventing it turning gray. In German Switzerland it is believed that a crow perching on the roof of a house in which lies a corpse, is a sign that the soul of the dead is irrevocably lost.

In Sussex its cry thrice repeated is considered a sure token of death. The Somalis, who inhabit the shores of the Red Sea, wage deadly warfare against the crow, which, they affirm, was created white, but which in an evil hour betrayed the hiding-place of the Prophet by an untimely croak. For this offence he cursed the bird of ill omen, and it became black, since which time it has shared the fate of all creatures when down in their luck, and has been mercilessly hooted and pecked at and destroyed.

The crow is called by Pliny a bird of ill-omened garrulity, most inauspicious at the time of incubation or just after the summer solstice. The appearance of a flight of crows upon the left of their camp sufficed to cow the courage of the soldiers of old Rome, since they looked upon it as a certain sign of defeat, as certain as when the birds hovered over their standards.

The Cingalese to this day draw auguries from the movements of these birds; the direction of their flight, the numbers in which they assemble, the tone in which they croak, their choice of roosting-places, all are held ominous of evil or prophetic of good fortune.

There are, perhaps, few who have not heard of crows that "One is lucky, two is unlucky, three is health, four is wealth, five sickness, and six death." The unluckiness of one living crow is of ancient date, since the Greeks believed that if such a bird appeared at a wedding breakfast there would be a divorce, to avert which all roared out: "Maiden, scare away the crow!"

But of far greater antiquity was the belief that if the one crow were dead the evil portent also perished, since, according to Horus Apollo—"Hierog," ii. 39—it signified extreme old age, or a very long life, according to what Hesiod tells us, as quoted by Plutarch in his "Oracles," that the crow lives nine times as long as a man.

The belief that two crows are a happy omen, and that they appear to warn men from disaster, is very ancient. Alexander the Great was thus saved in Egypt by two crows, and King Alonzo would assuredly have perished in 1147 had it not been for two crows, one of which perched on the prow and the other on the stern of his ship, so pointing the prow of the royal barge safely into port.

Crows and rooks are very much alike. It is said that when rooks desert a rookery it forebodes the downfall of the family on whose property it is. They are also credited with being good weather prognosticators. When the weather is about to be very bad they stay as near home as possible; but when they foreknow that it will be set fair, they start off in the morning right away to a distance, where they have an instinct that the food they need is plentiful. Again, if the rooks are seen venturing into the streets of a town or village, it is a sure sign of an approaching snowstorm.

To dream you see a crow signifies expedition of business; if you hear them croaking unpleasantly while they are flying it is a sign of ill luck. If you see in your dream the crow flying on to the head of a child, it will be in danger of some misfortune.

Another bird, which is an emblem of death, is the sweet-toned blackbird. There is a legend which I heard whilst in Wales, to the effect that a family in Carmarthen were one day seated in the parlor, where was lying an invalid on the sofa, when they were greatly surprised at the appearance of a bird similar in size and color to a blackbird, which hopped into the room, went up to the invalid, and after perching on the sofa started out immediately. What appears very strange, a day or two after, the sick person died.

A bird of the same kind flew to a window at Penygraig, as if it wanted to enter a room where a person was lying ill. Although those in the room endeavored several times to frighten it away, the bird would not go. That night the sick person departed this life.

The owl has always been held to be the emblem of wisdom by some, and by others an object of detestation and dread. The cry of the screech-owl at night in rural districts is said to presage death. Should one of these birds screech while flying over a house, death is sure to follow. Especially is this the case if in the house there happens to be a sick person.

Shakespeare, in his play of "Hamlet," makes Ophelia exclaim: "They say the owl was a baker's daughter," alluding to an apocryphal legend which was believed in the Middle Ages, and which came all the way from Palestine, that a baker's daughter who refused a piece of bread to the Saviour was, as a punishment, transformed into an owl.

Willeford informs us that "owls whooping after sunset and in the night foreshows a fine day to ensue; but if she names herself in French, 'huette,' expect then fickle and inconstant weather, but most usually rain." Another authority states that owls before a storm keep up a terrible to-whooing.

IN THE SPARE BED.—A good story is told of an eminent bishop who was quartered at the house of the wealthiest resident of a certain village while his wife was away. He is a slim man, and on this occasion, when his host inquired in the morning how he had slept, and hoped he had passed an agreeable night, he answered with some vehemence, "No—I did not; I passed a disagreeable night indeed." The bishop departed, and, when the wife of his host returned, she naturally inquired who had been in the house in her absence. "Bishop P.," said the husband. "Bishop P.! Where did you put him to sleep?" "In the spare bed, of course." "In the spare bed!" shrieked the horrified matron. "Why, I put the bulk of the silver under the mattress before I went away."

Grains of Gold.

We enjoy much when we are thankful for little.

When love has the power it will always help.

When you find yourself getting downhearted look up.

Self-possession is another name for self-forgetfulness.

All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance.

The bad thing about little sins is that they won't stay little.

A wrong principle is as wrong in politics as it is in religion.

A mean man can get religion, but he can't stay mean and keep it.

Whoever improves his opportunities will soon be improved by them.

Never step over one duty to perform another. Take them as they come.

If you let the sun go down upon your wrath it may stay there until the judgment day.

In clothes clean and fresh there is a kind of youth with which age should surround itself.

Business interests that conflict with home interests, are snakes that had better be killed dead on the spot.

Femininities.

A Washington man changed his name to please his wife, taking hers instead of his own.

"Yes, I see you're a new woman, Eve," said Adam, "but I'll take the risk. You haven't any past."

"I would send you a kiss, papa," wrote little Lucy, who was away on a visit, "but I have been eating onions."

There is always something to occupy a girl's mind. When she discovers Santa Claus is a farce she begins to believe in love.

Nell: "Sallie Stuckuppe has contracted the bad habit of biting her finger-nails." Belle: "Yes, I noticed that she has an engagement ring."

The Queen of Portugal is studying medicine. It is fortunate for her people that she is not an Empress, else she might insist on practicing upon them.

James: "Is Miss Snowball a graduate of Vassar?" William: "She is." James: "I thought she was. I heard her ask if the muzzle of a gun was to prevent it going off."

He, feeling his way to a knowledge of her accomplishments: "Can you darn stockings, Arabella?" She, with distant frigidity: "I don't expect to marry a man who needs to wear darned stockings."

"When Mrs. Parvenu was poor they used to say she was a great talker; but as she has become rich it is quite different." "Indeed! What do they say she is now?" "A brilliant conversationalist."

"There is one question which bothers me in connection with the emancipation of woman," observed Glanders. "Name it," replied Gummy. "What will the new woman say when her collar button rolls under the bureau?"

The Empress of Germany fully shares the military enthusiasm of her husband, as was demonstrated at the close of the manœuvers at Stettin recently, when she appeared as colonel of "the Cuirassiers of Queen Louise."

She: "Well, if I can't live on my income and you can't live on yours, where would be the advantage in our marrying?" He, thoughtfully: "Well, by putting our incomes together one of us would be able to live, at any rate."

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton objects to the title "old maid" being longer applied to an elderly unmarried woman. In those days of the new woman she holds the title improper. She wants an unmarried woman to be called a "bachelor."

Many housewives, especially those blessed with a laundry, are finding Saturday a good day for washing. It is necessary to have a good hot fire, of course, on that day, and the baking can go on at the same time that the clothes are boiling.

"What do you think of this previous existence theory?" "I know it to be supported by facts. For instance, I know a woman only twenty years old who often thoughtlessly tells about things that happened thirty-five years ago."

In England the champion strong woman is Mlle. Athlota, a good looking, well-formed, muscular specimen of womanhood, who has thrown down the gauntlet to America's champion strong women Minerva, Yucca and Flossie Le Blanche. Athlota stands 5 feet 7 inches in height and weighs 150 pounds, and her bust measurement is 42 inches.

"George," she said, in a low voice, "would you make a great sacrifice for my happiness?" "Certainly," he replied. "Would you quit smoking for my sake?" "Quit smoking for your sake?" he repeated. Then, after a silence, he exclaimed, hoarsely: "I can refuse you nothing. I will quit smoking for your sake. Hereafter when I smoke it shall be exclusively for my own sake."

George L. Harwel and a girl named Batts were slaves together on a Virginia plantation 25 years ago. They were engaged to be married, when the war came, the plantation family was broken up, and the two were separated, neither knowing where the other went. They never heard of each other until a few months ago, when they met by chance in Ashland, Wis. A week ago they were married there.

This is the time of year when the thrifty little New England children are making their Christmas money by picking cranberries. A child of 10 or 11 years of age will gather as many berries in a day as can a grown person. The price paid for gathering is nine cents a pail of six quarts, and many a youngster makes as much as $1 a day working eight hours. One had picked 34 pails in eight hours one day recently, earning $3.06, but he had to hustle to do it.

Lieutenant Peary says that the Esquimaux women are exceedingly amiable, and have not yet acquired the habit of scolding; and elsewhere in his interview he mentions that they were the pioneers in the wearing of the bloomer costume. This fashion revelation is commended to the strait-laced American women who have been scolding about the bloomer costume. Perhaps if they were to get into the bifurcated garb it might assist them to recover and preserve their tempers.

Masculinities.

No man was ever so much in love that he was unable to sleep on Sunday morning.

May: "Why have you stopped using powder? Was it injuring your complexion?" Amy: "No; but it was ruining Charley's new coat."

The chief exponents of music in Japan are women. Most men would consider that they were making themselves ridiculous by playing or sing in society.

In Paris at the foot of all steep inclines are found members of the Wheelpushers' Guild, who, for a small consideration, push the rider's machine to the summit.

Maude: "I remember a few years ago that she was seeking a hero." Marjorie: "She's got bravely over that. She's now on the lookout for a fool with plenty of money."

A Bath, Me., man lost a toe in a peculiar way recently while working on a barge. A carpenter was boring a hole through the deck from beneath and cut the man's toe off with the augur.

A Maine farmer has trained his cows to swim to and fro between the shores of his farm and an adjacent island, where clover grows luxuriantly, and now they enjoy the bath as much as the clover.

"I wouldn't worry so much about that boy of yours at college," said the friend of the family; "he's not a poker player." "I know he isn't," replied the father ruefully, "but from the size of his expense accounts I'm afraid he thinks he is."

Mr. Joseph Matthews, who died a few days ago at Lakewood, N. J., was a believer in Scriptural injunction to increase and multiply. He had 25 children, 11 by his first wife and 14 by his second, who, by the way, was a sister of his first helpmeet.

Prince Albert Woronlewski, a near relative of Prince Miezislaus, a martyr of the revolution of 1848, has announced, in a letter to the Mayor of Budapest, his intention to commit suicide. The young man had become so poverty-stricken as to be compelled to work as a day laborer.

It is said that a hypnotist in Utah has begun a series of experiments in the Territorial Reform School at Ogden, looking to the cure of kleptomania and kindred mental conditions of children by hypnotism. He claims that the suggestions given in the hypnotic state will overcome criminal tendencies.

Johnny and Willie, aged respectively 6 and 4 years, were engaged in a hot discussion as to their ages. Willie, of course, claimed to be the older of the two, whereupon Johnny replied: "You ain't either the oldest, 'cause when I was born you wasn't nuffin' but dust laying round up in heaven."

A writer in the "Engineering Magazine" thinks that inventors can be produced by educating boys in accurate and methodical observation, by cultivating their memories through association, by teaching them to see clearly, and by instructing them in logical reasoning from actual observation. The last embraces all the rest.

One of the most striking figures at Chickamauga was Sergeant Frankenberry, the man who, from the top of Kenesaw Mountain, waved the signal to General Sherman which inspired the song, "Hold the Fort." Mr. Frankenberry still has the signal flag in his possession, and says that he will leave it to his children as a heritage.

Mrs. Adam Strelt, who lives at Adrian, Mich., while cutting grass on the river bank felt a sharp pain in her ankle. A snake had bitten her and the reptile was coiled about her ankle. She cut it down with the sickle she held in her hand, but unfortunately severed several arteries in her ankle at the same time. With a needle and thread she sat down and took up the arteries, probably saving her life.

Sir John Macdonald was at a reception in the West and a Bishop from Belgium was present. As the party was being escorted by a body of men in Highland costume, the foreign Bishop seeing the bare legs and kilts, asked why these men were without trousers. "It's just a local custom," gravely replied Sir John. "In some places people take off their hats as a mark of honor to distinguished guests; here they take off their trousers."

The homes of few of the world's great men," says a New York paper, "have been as carefully preserved as Goethe's at Weimar. Nothing has been disturbed, and in his sleeping room, where he died, the same spread covers the bed, and his drinking cup, sponge and wash basin are in the same position in which he left them. The old man who once in the poet's lifetime repaired his couch still visits it periodically to see if it needs attention.

Some time back a man of notoriously bad character, residing in a village, wished to emigrate. To obtain assistance from the English Emigration Commissioners one must have a character, and the man accordingly asked one from his neighbors. Everybody was anxious he should go, and everybody testified to his excellent reputation. No one was more astonished at this result than the man himself, and, after looking at his certificate, with its long list of signatures, "Well," said he, "I had no idea I was so much esteemed in the neighborhood; I think I shall stay."

Latest Fashion Phases.

There is a movement toward skirt draping, not a revival, however, of the detached loopings and ungraceful draperies of the last reign of double skirts. The new fashion is a slashed overd dress, opening enough to show the contrasting petticoat underneath. The many styles of bodice and jackets show that any kind of figure can be suited this fall. The smart little basques are becoming in their crisp fulness to figures possessing height and slimness. The zouave jackets worn are many varieties of blouses, but great discretion must be used to have it of the right length. It should terminate some inches above the belt, in which case it adds slimness to the figure. If cut to reach the belt edge it gives a very short waisted appearance. One gown with a zouave bodice was of flax flower blue silk. The skirt opened twice at each side over a petticoat of chine glace silk with flowers of blue, pink and mauve strewn over the tinted surface. The jacket was of the blue silk and the blouse of the flounced glace. The large puffed blue sleeves had turned-back cuffs faced with flounced silk. On each side of the jacket and fastening the cuffs at the hands were medallion buttons. The belt was festened with an enamelled buckle.

A very stylish Parisian gown is in lavender lainage. It is cut on princesse, with centre box pleat and side pleats. The skirt is very wide, and falls in fluted folds at the foot.

The bodice is snugly fitted, with double revers and basque without garniture. On the corsage are two rows of small metal buttons. The sleeves are immense gigots, being closely fitted from the elbow to the wrist. The plain collar-band is of the lainage.

The large chapeau in lavender felt is garnished with loops of lavender ribbon and black ostrich plumes en aigrette.

The Marie Antoinette fichus, lined with various colors, will be worn as assessories for fall and winter gowns. With a gown of pale beige may be worn a fichu of white mousseline de soie, edged with frills made over soft mauve silk.

An elaborate gown was in purple and mauve silk of very uncommon pattern. The skirt fell in graceful folds. The full bodice had a large square collar, trimmed with rows of twine-colored lace. The gigot sleeves deep cuffs cut gauntlet shape and adorned with lace.

The hat worn with this toilette was a veritable millinery triumph, being liberally adorned with mauve and purple flowers and twine colored lace, while at one side a very full and handsome white osprey stood erect.

Another gown had the very wide skirt of daak and pale blue striped crepon. The pale blue silk bodice was draped with chiffon in a darker shade, and finished off with narrow lace of somewhat Oriental design and coloring.

The large picture hat, in an exquisite shade of gray felt, had pink quills and green ones reared in various directions on one side, while large, vivid blue flowers appeared on the other, supplemented by lace.

A gown of fawn and pink shot silk was cut with extreme plainness, the bodice on the cross and without seams, and the sleeves undraped and untrimmed. A deep collet of black, cream and gold embroidery of very rich design and beautifully light in construction was laid about the shoulders, and the waist was outlined by a black ribbon, tied in the back in a fan bow, with long ends falling almost to the foot of the skirt.

The small bonnet was trimmed with pale saffron roses, and had an upstanding spray of forget-me nots starting upright from the centre.

A jaunty gown was of foulard silk strapped with black satin. The skirt is cut very full, having straps of black satin, narrow at the waist, but broadening as they descend to the foot. The bouffant sleeves, terminating at the elbow by a band and bow of black satin ribbon, are strapped with black satin. The bodice is fitted very snugly, and adorned in the front with a centre box pleat of black satin, held in position by three large fancy buttons. The lace collet terminates at the centre box pleat. The plain collar band is embellished with choux of silk on either side. The black satin belt is fastened by a gold clasp.

The chenille bonnet is adorned with loops of wide ribbon on either side and roses.

A stylish costume was fashioned in mauve and white striped taffeta silk. The skirt is cut wide and without adornment. The corsage is very full and is drawn under the belt without drooping. The bolero, garnished with large mother-of-pearl buttons and triple revers of different sizes, in mauve and white. The bouffante puffed sleeves are finished plainly at the hand.

The hat accompanying this costume was in mauve felt, trimmed with mauve and white faille ribbons, with a large bow of cambric ecru, the brim covered with comete ribbon in black velvet.

Another gown made in blue alpaca had the skirt stitched round the bottom to simulate a deep hem.

The jacket has slightly undulated basque, opening on a waistcoat of blue broche silk, figured with rose pink. The large gigot sleeves, closely fitted to the elbow, are finished with gauntlet cuff of the broche silk. The draped collar-band is of the silk.

The blue felt chapeau is garnished with ribbon and wings.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

It is generally supposed that the dryness of bread arises from its becoming actually dryer by the gradual loss of water, but this is not the case. Stale bread contains almost exactly the same proportion of water as new bread after it has become completely cold. The change is merely in the internal arrangement of the molecules of the bread. A proof of this is that if we put a stale loaf into a close-covered tin exposed it for half an hour or an hour to a heat not exceeding that of boiling water, and then allow it to cool, it will be restored in appearance and properties to the state of the new bread.

Shades for bedroom and boudoir lamps are made of fine lawns and dimities in Dresdan patterns, the tiny flowers being of a color that matches the general coloring of the room. For a Delf lamp in blue and white, blue and white dimity is used. The frills on the shade are trimmed with narrow white Valenciennes. White net over a color is also used for the shades.

A neat, clean, fresh aired, sweet, cheerful, well arranged house, exerts a moral influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of each other's feelings; on the contrary, a filthy squalid, noxious dwelling, contributes to make its inhabitants selfish, sensual, and regardless of the feelings of others. Never sleep in a small close bedroom, either during summer or winter, without free ventilation from door or windows, unless otherwise supplied with abundance of fresh air. It will be seen that a person's house usually corresponds with his character.

Cautions in Visiting the Sick.—Do not visit the sick when you are fatigued, or in a state of perspiration, or with the stomach empty—for in such conditions you are liable to take the infection. When the disease is very contagious, take the side of the patient which is near to the window. Do not enter the room the first thing in the morning before it has been aired; and when you come away take some food, change your clothing immediately, and expose the latter to the air for some days. Tobacco smoke is a fine preventive of malaria.

Japanese Cement.—Immediately mix in the best powdered rice with a little cold water, then gradually add boiling water until a proper consistence is acquired, being particularly careful to keep it well stirred all the time; lastly, it must be boiled for a minute in a clean saucepan or earthen pipkin. This glue is beautifully white and almost transparent, for which reason it is well adapted for fancy paper work, which requires a strong and colorless cement.

Liquid Glue.—Dissolve one part of powdered alum, in a hundred and twenty parts of water; add one hundred and twenty parts of glue, ten of acetic acid, and forty of alcohol, and digest. Prepared glue is made by dissolving common glue in warm water, and then adding acetic acid (strong vinegar) to keep it. Dissolve one pound of best glue in one and a half pints of water, and add one pint of vinegar. It is then ready for use.

Balm of Beauty.—Pure soft water, one quart; pulverized Castile soap, four ounces; emulsion of bitter almonds, six ounces; rose and orange flower water, of each, eight ounces; tincture of benzoin, two drachms; borax, one drachm; add five grains bichloride of mercury to every eight ounces of the mixture. To use, apply on a cotton or linen cloth to the face, etc.

Flaxseed Tea.—Macerate one ounce flaxseed and half an ounce of bruised liquorice root in one pint of boiling water for two hours, in a lightly closed vessel; filter, and add one fluid ounce of lemon juice. This is a good drink in cases of catarrh.

To Remove Grease.—Aqua ammonia, two ounces; soft water, one quart; saltpeter, one teaspoonful, shaving soap in shavings, one ounce; mix all together; dissolve the soap well, and any grease or dirt that cannot be removed with this preparation, nothing else need be tried for it.

Ink, Indelible Marking.—One and a half drachms of nitrate of silver, one ounce of distilled water, half an ounce of strong mucilage of gum arabic, three quarters of drachm of liquid ammonia. Mix the above in a clean glass bottle, cork tightly, and keep in a dark place till dissolved, and ever afterward. Directions for use. Shake the bottle, then dip a clean quill pen in the ink, and write and draw what you require on the article; immediately hold it close to the fire (without scorching), or pass a hot iron over it, and it will become a deep and indelible black, indestructible by either time or acids of any description.

Apple Meringue.—Peel, core, and slice one and a half pound of apples, and stew them till perfectly tender with the thinly-peeled rind of a lemon and its strained juice, half a gill of water, and two tablespoonfuls of raw sugar. Press this all through a sieve; add to it one ounce of butter and the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Border a buttered pie-dish with a strip of puff paste, and pour the apple marmalade into it, and set it in the oven till the paste border is nicely browned; then pile all over it the whites of the eggs, whipped to the stiffest possible froth with sifted sugar (a tablespoonful to each white of egg); garnish with dried cherries, sultanas, or candied peel, and set it in the oven till the meringue is of a delicate fawn color and quite crisp. Be careful the meringue does not "catch." The fruit-stew should be quite cool before the white of egg is piled up on it.

Orange Cake.—Pare one large orange very thinly, and put the rind in a basin with the juice of two lemons to soak for an hour. Beat half a pound of sugar and quarter of a pound of butter to a cream, then drop in the yolks of five eggs, one by one, and beat the whole for ten minutes, then strain the juice, and add it. Stir in half a pound of flour and mix well, then a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one tablespoonful of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven. When the cake is cool, spread the following icing on it: Pare the rind of the two lemons very thinly, and soak it in the orange juice for an hour, then strain it. Mix the juice with three quarters of a pound of icing sugar till it is thick and smooth, then use.

Coburg Cakes.—Half a teaspoonful of baking soda, half a pound of flour, one and a half teaspoonful of mixed spice, quarter of a pound of sugar, and two eggs. Have suitable small pans and put half of an almond in the bottom of each. Put the flour, sugar, and seasoning in a basin melt the butter, and stir the beaten eggs among it; pour this in among the flour and mix thoroughly; put a little in each pan, and bake in a moderate oven till firm.

THE DANCING GIRLS OF INDIA.

Tanjore possesses the distinction of being the original home of the Indian Nautch, born in the shadow of the great Pagoda, and still blending the religious associations of the mystic past with the passionate imagery of love, sorrow, and despair, woven into a thousand forms by the symbolical poetry of motion. The Nautch girls of Tanjore stand at the head of their profession, and no important function of the native Courts is considered complete without the presence of these ideal dancers, clad in filmy muslins and golden tissues clasped with jewels and roped with pearls, the costly tribute paid to their irresistible charms. The Nautch girls are regarded as a religious sisterhood, although in their modern guise religion has become divorced from morality. Educated under the auspices of the temple priesthood, and possessing the privileges of an official position, they were taught to read, write, sing, and dance, even receiving instruction in Sanskrit and religious literature when indications existed of superior mental capacity. The influences of religion, whether for good or evil, played an important part in forming the character of the dusky troupe which hung about the sacred precincts during the impressionable years of girlhood, and ancient India regarded the Nautch dancer with the reverence due to an inspired sibyl or priestess. At the outset of her professional career she goes through a symbolical marriage rite with a dagger. This initiatory ceremony admits her into the corps of dancers, and represents her right to defend herself from the manifold perils which beset her path.

The members of the choral band vie with each other in establishing the honor of their native sanctuary, and the Nautch girls of Tanjore, who in distant ages made wars and ruled conquerors, carried the fame of their great Pagoda to every Court of India, chanting the praises of the historic temple in the sacred legends which varied the monotony of the dreamy dance. The rhythmical movements and graceful postures possess the weird fascination of "woven paces and waving arms" with which Vivien cast her mysterious spell over the conquered Merlin, but the languid grace of the Tanjore Nautch soon sweeps into a very whirlwind of passion, and the audience hangs in breathless attention on every gesture, as the wild love story approaches a tragic climax, or the storm of excitement dies away into the silence of despair. The serpent dance winding through the sinuous mazes of gliding measures appears almost a transformation or reincarnation of the performer into the cobra which she represents. Instincts inherited from bygone generations of Nautch dancers combine with close observation of nature to produce miraculous results. The Nautch girl lives to please, and labors for that end with the success which attends the unwearied pursuit of one absorbing object.

Universal influence and fascination still belong to her, though in a narrower range than of old, and the dancer of Tanjore who concentrates the whole force of her genius upon the requirements of her art differs as much from the ordinary Nautch girl of India as a masterpiece of Raphael from the signboard which swings before a village inn.

THE little Queen of the Netherlands entered upon her sixteenth year a few days ago, and in honor of the occasion, but to the great regret of her subjects, introduced a momentous change—she began to wear her hair in the fashion of young women! Queen Victoria describes her as the most "charming girl in the world."

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Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to nock. No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frisettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold as Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

Recent Book Issues.

"The Poor Little Sweep," a story of olden times in Philadelphia, is a delightfully written book for children; a pretty narrative clothes a useful moral. M. Adelaide Atkinson, the author, is the daughter of the first proprietor and editor of the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Published by the American Sunday School Union of this city.

"Washington, or the Revolution" is an historical drama, by Ethan Allen. It is not intended for stage purposes, but in the manner in which the author has introduced the characters and arranged the events of the period treated, the book is not only interesting but decidedly valuable. Published by F. T. Neely, New York.

"Francis Bacon and His Shakespeare," by Theron S. E. Dixon, is another contribution to the cause of proving the famous English statesman and man of letters to have been the writer of the plays attributed to the dramatist. The author is evidently in earnest in his work and while he has not possibly made the point at issue any clearer, he has compiled a book in which those interested will find good reading. Beautifully printed and bound. The Sargeant Publishing Company, Chicago. Price, $1.50.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Part Thirteen of the magnificent "Book of the Fair" has been issued by the Bancroft Company, Chicago and San Francisco. Again we say that for those who were at the Columbian Exposition and for those who were not it is a most interesting and valuable publication.

The leading article in the September "Eclectic" is, "The Origin of Man and the Religious Sentiment," by the thinker and poet, Prof. Fogazzaro. Following this is a long list of papers: "The Conservative Programme of Social Reform," "The Origin and Growth of Trial by Jury in England," "The Present Condition of Mohammedan Women in Turkey," "Advertising as a Trespass on the Public," etc. This number contains twenty-one articles in all. Published at New York.

SOME SERVIAN FAIRIES.

IN THE Servian traditions exist three classes of supernatural beings of a fairy nature. One class, the Straovila, whose favorite foods were young men's eyes and maidens' cheeks, is a reminiscence of far-away ages, when the original ancestors of the nation were yet roaming the wilds of Northern Asia, or sojourning on the slopes of the Himalayas. You hear of the Straovila only in the village songs of the most secluded districts; and the legends relative to them bear interesting resemblances to some in the earliest Hindu demoniac literature.

A second class, the Veshnilse, correspond closely to the witches of our own forefathers; they are represented invariably as ugly old women with gray hair, which can be changed at any moment into chains for purposes of revenge or cruelty. The Veshnilse have short tails; and under their arms short wings of a fin-like shape, with which they manage to fly through the air, or dive through the waters. They meet amidst the branches of storm-struck and lightning-withered trees; and prefer the hearts of new-born babes for their communion celebrations.

The peasant wives dread the Veshnilse all the more because, undismayed by "bell, book, or candle," they go even into the churches, disguised fantastically as old women, to get upon the track of recently arrived infants.

The ignorant villagers rely upon the presence of certain of their "wise men" in recognising these witches; and in not very distant days, this belief frequently produced fatal consequences. Any old ugly woman who prayed overmuch and crossed herself too assiduously in their church was in danger, in quite recent times, of being denounced by one of these "witch-discerners," and condemned to the infallible ordeal-trial of being thrown into a deep pond or river.

If she swam ashore, all-admitted her innocence; but if, as far most frequently, she sank, none regretted her death; the whole village being thus happily freed from a dangerous demoniac. Even at the commencement of the present century, under the rule of the first free Servian chief, Kara George, these "witch-trials" were not unusual occurrences.

The third, and most popular, supernatural class are the Vilas. The oral and written traditions of the Balkan peoples unite in describing these as possessing the forms of exceedingly lovely maidens, with hair of glorious and glossy luxuriance; with eyes bright enough to kill, and passion enough to vivify the dead. Their robes of white transparent tissue floated voluminously about their forms, now veiling, now revealing, their superb loveliness. To picture to a listener the height of feminine grace an ideal of womanly beauty, the Servian poet to this day will say "like unto a vila!"

The vilas are further described as the fortunate possessors of golden wings, which they can remove and replace at pleasure; on these they can glide rapidly through the thickest woods, or ascend with equal facility above the highest clouds.

Their chosen haunts are on the banks of streams which "go on forever" rushing or rippling through the shadowy glades of the mountain forests, by the side of the coolest fountains, and on the shores of the loveliest lakes.

On fine moonlit nights they may be seen weaving with merry chorus songs the mystic circles of the Polo dance; or bathing in the shadowy nooks of lake or river; but whether bathing, dancing, singing, loungingly enjoying the perfumes of flowers, or feeding upon their favorite food, "the forever plant," each group of vilas is always under the strict surveillance of a chieftainess, called the "Starishnitse."

In resting intervals between the dances, each vila relates what she has seen, heard, or done during the day; and the mortal is fortunate indeed who can listen to these reports unobserved and undiscovered. The country songs and stories abound in instances of such good luck.

One shepherd became a king's son-in-law, because he chanced to overhear the vilas talking of the mysterious illness of the monarch's daughter, and the only mode of restoring the Princess to health. A herdsman obtained an immense treasure, having heard a vila tell of its hiding-place to her sister-fairies.

A weak, blinded boy was banished by a wicked step-mother to a dark forest, that the wild beasts might, by devouring him, lessen her family cares. The poor wanderer lay down to rest in a thicket near a meeting-place of the vilas, and listened eagerly as they praised the miraculous merits of the spring by which they sat, one of these merits being the infallible power of its water for restoring sight to the blind; and they told one another of the blind daughter of a powerful Sultan, to whom a few drops from this fountain would be worth a nation's ransom. When the vilas had flown away, the lad groped his way to the spring, bathed his blind eyes in the healing waters, and immediately regained his sight. Then he carried some of the remedy to the blind Princess, who also was made whole thereby, and eventually married her benefactor.

Of course, there is an addendum to this legend of the blind boy. The cruel step-mother, begrudging the good luck of her hated stepson, sent her own most beloved boy to listen in the forest; but the vilas surprised their second auditor, deprived him entirely of his eyes, and left him helpless to become the prey of the wolves.

The vilas, however, rarely injure any of the human race, unless they are irritated or insulted. They frequently form friendly or loving alliances with mortal men and women; and are always anxiously interested in the nation's prosperity or adversity. In contradistinction to the ugly and vicious Veshnilse, the kind and beautiful vilas are considered in all Servian lands as the "good angels" of the Slavonian peoples.

But, unhappily, the vilas, although generally so kind and sympathetic, are excessively susceptible; and when irritated, set few limits to their resentment and revenge. If a bride has forgotten to throw a wreath of flowers into the stream, or spring, nearest to her new home, she can rely upon the vilas avenging her neglect of them by some malicious "accident." Her husband's cows will yield no milk, and his sheep bear no lambs; and she herself will remain childless, until she has paid some penalty, the nature or extent of the penance being usually indicated to her in a dream.

Should an audacious youth approach too near their bathing or dancing frolics, he is punished by the loss of sight, and made to run wildly about the villages, raving incoherently of the beauties he unluckily discerned. If some gallant chief, riding solitary through a forest incautiously breaks out with snatches of heroic song, the vilas, whether disturbed by or envious of his vocal powers, will deprive him of his eyes as a punishment for presuming to awaken the echoes of their peculiar domain; sometimes a knight particularly presumptuous is found with a golden vila arrow through his heart. The popular ballads of the Balkan people abound in varied incidents of vila retribution for human neglect or audacity.

The warrior who captures the golden wings of a vila can do with her whatever he will. Some heroes thus gained vilas as wives; the offspring of such unions being veritable "giants in the earth," resembling the issue of those "sons of God" whom the Hebrew historian tells us "saw the daughters of men that they were fair." But in Balkan ballads and folklore such marriages of men with vilas are rare; and even more rarely did they escape some tragical termination.

Far more fortunate are the knights who can secure and are content to have vilas for their "half-sisters," and do not seek them as spouses. These fairy protectrixie are never absent whenever their "half-brothers" need assistance. Their help does not extend to aid in actual combats, but rather limits itself to suggestions of the best course for their warrior-wards to pursue.

When the Slavonian Prince Marko—who much resembled the Celtic King Arthur—was overthrown in a personal struggle with the rebel Moor, "Mousa, the Challenger," and, from beneath the furious antagonist, called upon his vila half sister to succor him, she first rebukingly replied that Marko had overlooked her counsel never to fight on a Sunday; then she reminded him that he had on his person some concealed knives. With these weapons Marko killed the Moor; but as he gazed upon the dead body, shed tears, because he had "slain a greater hero than himself."

The vilas pass much of their leisure in "golden" or "crystal" castles in the clouds. They are, however, very constant in their predilections for the places selected for their dancing re unions. No others are permitted to occupy such spots. Should any tired traveler unluckily rest upon a vila ground, he will probably proceed to the next village lame or insane.

THE REASON WHY.—"Once," said a reverend narrator, "the superintendent asked me to take charge of a Sunday school class. 'You'll find 'em rather a hard lot,' said he, 'they all went fishing last Sunday but little Johnny Rand. He is really a good boy, and I hope his example may yet redeem others. I wish you'd talk to 'm a little.' I told him I would. They were rather a hard-looking set. I don't think I ever witnessed a more beautiful set of black eyes in my life. Little Johnny Rand, the good boy, was in his place, and I smiled on him approvingly. As soon as all the lessons were over, I said, 'Boys, your superintendent tells me you went fishing last Sunday—all but little Johnny here. You didn't go, did you, Johnny?' I said. 'No, sir.' That was right. Though this boy is the youngest among you,' I continued, 'you learn from his own lips words of good counsel, which I hope you will profit by.' I lifted him up on his seat and smoothed his auburn ringlets. 'Now, Johnny, I want you to tell these wicked boys why you didn't go fishing with them last Sunday. Speak loud, now. It was because it was very wicked, and you would rather go to Sunday school, wasn't it?' 'No, sir, it was because I couldn't find the worms for bait.'"

A PARISIAN named Troubleur is one of those amiable lunatics called "practical jokers." His present mania, it appears consists in haunting the churches; and, when he finds one where there is, or is going to be, a marriage, he lurks quietly behind a pillar at a few paces from the bride. When the ceremony commences, he begins to sob like a pair of bellows, and weeps profusely. The wedding guests look significantly at each other, and the ladies murmur, "Poor fellow! It's a jilted lover."

ONE HONEST MAN.

Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that if written to confidentially, I will mail in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts.

I have no scheme to extort money from anyone whomsoever. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

Having nothing to sell or send C. O. D., I want no money. Address

JAS. A. HARRIS,
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HARMONY IN NATURE.—There is such harmony in Nature, such an adaptation, of Nature in all its variety to the demands and tastes of the human mind, that every object in Nature is to us a matter of interest; even the gnarled oak is an object of interest.

We watch its growth, and see how it it struggles to recover itself from the injuries received when but a sapling or a sprig.

The song of birds, the murmur of the stream, the roar of the water fall, the varieties of the landscape, the welcome sunlight of early morn—everything in Nature so addresses itself to the eye, the head, the heart, as to arrest attention, excite feeling, and impart instruction. The natural easy attitudes of the human form, the natural expression of the human face, the spontaneous, unrestrained manifestations of the thoughts of the mind, and the soul's emotions, all come under this rule, but should exceed, in interest and attractiveness, every other department of Nature, as far as superiority rises higher than any other variety or form of Nature.

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Humorous.

HIS LAST.

They buried the watchman in the ground—
They buried him good and deep;
And on his headstone these words carved,
"He is sleeping his last long sleep."
—U. S. NOSE.

Capital idea—Making money.

The camel said his hump was bad, but it might have been worse, if he'd ever taken to riding the bicycle.

"Say, Chimmie, come down—goin' to have a bully lot o' fun." "What?" "We've fed de goat six seidlitz powders, and now, we're going to let 'im drink."

The rector: You don't mean to say you went to a dog show on Sunday?

Penelope: Yes; but I looked at the St. Bernards only.

Landlord: I guess I'll have to raise your rent.

Tenant: For what?

Landlord: They've changed the name of this street and it is now an avenue.

Old lady: Didn't I tell you never to come here again?

Tramp: I hope you will pardon me, madam, but it is the fault of my secretary; he has neglected to strike your name from my calling list.

Small boy: Mother, please give me another lump of sugar for my coffee. I've dropped the lump you gave me.

Mother: There you are! Where did you drop it?

Small boy: In the coffee.

Bedkins: "Doctor, how can insomnia be cured?" Doctor: "Well, the patient should count slowly and in a meditative manner five hundred, and then——" Bedkins: "That's all very well, doctor; but our baby can't count."

"I want to get out at Fletcher street," said a small boy to a street car conductor.

"What do you say?" asked the conductor, not understanding what he said.

"Please," responded the youngster, flushing slightly.

Customer, after walking back along the track for 20 minutes: "How did you have the conscience to tell me that the place was only three minutes from the station?"

Real estate dealer: "Some trains go over the distance in less than two."

The small boy had gone out with his father for a sail, and the bounding billows had stricken him up to the extent that he had parted with his breakfast. "Oh, papa," he exclaimed after the second attack; "what makes me unswallow that way?"

"Why on earth did the citizens try to lynch that poor fellow? Wasn't he a good man?"

"First class."

"Then, why on earth did they wish to make away with him?"

"'Cos he wuzn't sociable."

Stounder: "Where have you been for the past couple of weeks?"

Rounder: "I was serving on the jury that acquitted Cashleigh, the swindler."

Stounder, in an undertone: "Say, old man, can't you lend me fifty dollars for a few days?"

He: "I never saw anything like this title. Here I've been pulling steadily for ten minutes and we don't seem to have moved a foot."

She, after a pause: "Oh, Mr. Stroker, I've just thought of something—the anchor fell overboard a while ago, and I forgot to tell you. Do you suppose it could have caught on something?"

The wealthy uncle was talking over the prospects of his nephew with the lad's mother.

"How is he doing in his studies?"

"Very well. He is very accomplished. He shows great talent for music, and his manner is so haughty. His music teacher thinks he will become a conductor."

"Ah, indeed? Orchestra or railroad?"

"How is your climate here?" asked the new guest on the morning after he arrived.

"Oh," replied the landlady, "our summers are cool, our autumns fine and our springs delicious."

"You couldn't catch one of those springs and put it on my bed, could you?" murmured the new guest, with a far away look in his eye.

Casper Corker: What's de matter wid yer foot?

Jonas Deadbeat: Yere know dat 'ouse round yere on de corner?

Yep.

I went up there las' night, an' as I went up de path I saw er dog squatted in de dark, ready to jump, an' I kicked 'im.

An' he bit you?

"Not on yer life—it wuz a iron dog.

"Gentlemen, I can't lie about the horse; he is blind in one eye," said the auctioneer. The horse was soon knocked down to a citizen who had been greatly struck by the auctioneer's honesty, and after paying for the horse, he said:

"You were honest enough to tell me that this animal was blind in one eye. Is there any other defect?"

"Yes, sir; there is. He is also blind in the other eye," was the prompt reply.

SOME ROYAL JILTINGS.—Queen Elizabeth, who could not forbear from flirting with every man she met, and jilting every suitor she had, was rejected once herself in a mortifying manner. The handsome French King, Henry III., before his accession, entirely refused to pay court to the "old woman," as he called her, though his mother strained every nerve to make him more pliant.

The romantic journey of Charles I. to Madrid to seek a Spanish bride led, through intricate plots and counter plots, to the breaking off of the projected match, and the Infanta in the end married an Emperor of Germany, Charles II., when wondering about in the days of his sad exile, hounded from country to country, and had been rejected with scorn by a princess of the House of Orange, and he could not forget it. This despised love of his youth when he was firmly seated on the throne of England made him indifferent as to who his future wife should be—only that one name should not appear among the list of eligible ladies. With this stern exception, he left the choice pretty much to his ministers, insisting, however, that he must have wealth, and should prefer dark eyes. The Orange Princess was fair.

Queen Anne, in her young days, was cast off by the German prince who succeeded her on the throne of England as George I., and, though she made such a happy marriage with another George, she never forgave the offence. Her Parliament might entail her crown on his family but she had a sovereign's power, and while she lived she would not permit him to set foot in England.

The Prince of Orange was abruptly dismissed by the brave and noble charlotte of Wales, but we feel inclined to add that we are glad she did it, that it served him right, and that most likely he was pleased to be jilted.

The truth appears to have been that the matching of these young people was a favorite scheme with their elders, but never desired by themselves. And nothing can be more dangerous to morality or more cruel to the feelings of the bride and bridegroom than to force a marriage on. The taxes laid on such are tears of blood.

OLD SERMONS.—The old Scottish congregations were very particular in the matter of their ministers preaching old sermons; and to repeat a discourse which they could recollect was always made a subject of animadversion by those who heard it. A deacon who was somewhat of a wit in his way gave a sly hint in his pretended defence of his minister on the question. As they were returning from church the minister observed that the deacon had been laughing as if he had triumphed over some of the parishioners with whom he had been in conversation. On asking the cause of this he received for answer, "Indeed, sir, they were saying ye had preached an auld sermon to-day, but I tackled them, for I tauld them it was no' an auld sermon, for ye had preached it no' sax months syne."

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FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 11.30 a m, 12.50, 1.30, 2.35, 5.00, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—7.0, 8.30, 9.30 a m, 12.30, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12. night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.56, 8.10, 9.10, 10.18, 11.14 a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 2.38, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car, 11.45) p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.10, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.46 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 1.00, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 8.33, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.27, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.0o, 4.20, 8.33, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42, 11.06 a m, 1.42, 4.36, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.09, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.36, 5.22, 7.2 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.09 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m.

For Gettysburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, Sunday, 4.00 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.09 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.09 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City (depot) week-days, express, 7.35, 9.00, a m, 3.30, 5.30, p m. Accommodation, 6.55, 8.15 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 7.30, p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

FOR CAPE MAY AND SEA ISLE CITY (via South Jersey Railroad), Express, 8.30 a m, 4.15, p m. Sundays, express, 9.15 a m.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 3962 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, General Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

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